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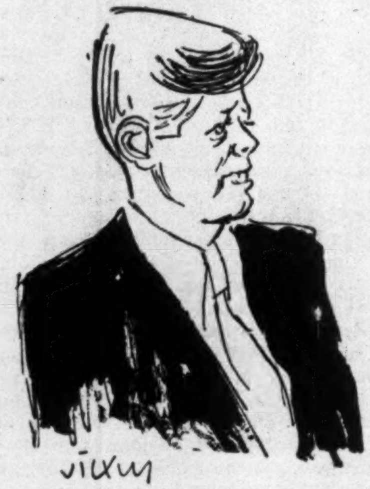

KENNEDY'S WIN
End of an Old Song

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CHILDREN'S BOOK
SUPPLEMENT—I

The Enigma in the White House

THE American people have bought Jack Kennedy. But they paid their votes for a smartly-packaged image of youth, vigour and charm, which the Kennedy machine sold so brilliantly that no one can be sure what it will prove to contain when it comes to be unwrapped next January.

Elected mainly because his promises of positive leadership contrasted sharply with the dimming charisma of the ageing Eisenhower, he is committed as much to action as a principle as to action for specific ends. Just as Franklin Roosevelt seemed the symbol of a new mood in 1932, when the American voters wanted decision and cared little that his long-forgotten campaign pledges of economy were discarded immediately for the pump-priming policies of the New Deal, so Kennedy has this week been given an open mandate.

He will have the double advantage of a Congress controlled by his own party and personal experience of the way to get things done on Capitol Hill. He will be bound to neither the policies nor the policy-makers of the outgoing administration; he can draft his own programme and select his advisers from the able group which formed his campaign brains-trust. What he makes of this opportunity in his first few months of office will determine the future course of the affluent society – in Europe as well as in America – and possibly the question of war or peace as well.

What are the tests by which he will be judged? In domestic politics they are straightforward. His majority rested on the solid foundation of the great industrial states, where the Democratic pledges of economic expansion and more social welfare proved decisive. On civil rights, where the strongest stand ever taken by the Democrats won back many Negro votes lost to Eisenhower in 1956, he will also be bound to take a liberal position. On the other hand, he seems certain to increase defence spending, partly as a means to get his economic expansion programme under way and reduce unemployment, but partly also because a powerful section of his party believes the US is falling disastrously behind in the arms race. As the *New York Times* put it: 'The Air Force has hitched its fortunes to the hope and expectation of a Democratic victory . . . Kennedy has put himself on the side of the "military realists". His election would seem to mean major changes and a larger defence budget.'

This does not necessarily mean, however, that he will take a 'tough' line in negotiating with the Communist bloc. During the campaign, of course, he felt himself obliged to show that he could stand up to Krushchev as well as Nixon; and occasionally, as over Cuba, he descended to jingoism. But what, in practical terms, does he mean to do? Bigger defence spending, even increased foreign aid – which will doubtless be urged on him by such men as Stevenson, Schlesinger and Galbraith – are only instruments of policy. They will not determine Kennedy's line on disarmament, Berlin, Cuba, the Congo, Algeria – or on the stresses within Nato.

We have, however, a few clues. The Washington-Bonn axis, around which the Dulles-Eisenhower policy in Europe revolved, seems likely to lose some of its strength: for most of Kennedy's advisers are closer to Mr Macmillan than Dr Adenauer. There will, probably, be an increased American effort to work with the neutral nations inside the UN, and a more sympathetic regard for the awkward nationalism of Asia, Africa and Latin-America. Perhaps most important of all, Kennedy – as his remarks on Quemoy and Matsu indicated – seems prepared to take a fresh look at US policy towards China. All these are welcome signs. But we do not know the answer to the central question: does Kennedy believe he can – or should – negotiate seriously with Krushchev? For, unless he grasps that the ending, as opposed to the winning, of the Cold War must be the prime object of US policy, the elements of liberalism in his thinking will prove abortive. He has only a few weeks in which to make up his mind.

Comments on the Week's News

Communism

Coexistent Communists

A Diplomatic Correspondent writes: Has Liu Shao-chi gone to Moscow to carry on Peking's disagreements with the Krushchev line, or to accept a tactical truce which at least temporarily concedes the Soviet point of view? There is little doubt that since the Bucharest meeting in June – helped, perhaps, by the Communist sub-Summit on the *Baltika* – Krushchev has been holding his own in the doctrinal argument, and the most recent Chinese statements show some concessions. But despite Liu's recognition in his speech on arrival in Moscow of the 'leading role' of the Soviet Union, and similar references in Peking on the anniversary of the October revolution, the debate is clearly far from over. Such comments have been conventional throughout the dispute, and the fact that the Soviet press has sustained its thinly-veiled polemic up to the eve of the anniversary meeting indicates that Peking is still far from convinced.

The differences, indeed, are of a kind that cannot be quickly or easily reconciled. They relate to four main problems of Communist policy. The first is the prospect of war. Krushchev, aware of the danger of nuclear war arising even from minor conflicts or revolutions, has insisted that disarmament and peaceful coexistence are the first priority. Peking, though it now plays down China's 'superior' chances of surviving an atomic war and is prepared at least to discuss whether 'world war' can be averted, still argues that 'revolutionary' wars can be justified, and that freedom from war and effective disarmament are possible only after the 'Socialist revolution is victorious throughout the world'.

This difference leads directly to the second problem. Does the priority for disarmament mean a playing down of anti-colonial struggles? The Chinese, anxious to promote anti-American sentiment in the East, and to step up Communist activities in Indonesia, are equally willing to support the Algerian rebels. Krushchev, for the record, is willing to support 'popular nationalism' in Cuba and the Congo, but not to the point where he might run the risk of war or even prejudice a chance of agreement on disarmament.

The two great Communist powers, moreover, are differently motivated in the matter of nuclear weapons. Russia clearly wants a ban on atomic armament before the Chinese can join the club – but can use the threat to share nuclear arms, or Chinese progress towards an atomic armoury of their own, as a bargaining counter in negotiations with the West. The Chinese, on the contrary, seem to believe that their possession of nuclear weapons is a precondition of any progress towards disarmament. These three issues have in recent months, overshadowed disagreements on the fourth point in dispute – the speed and the stages by which full Communism is to be achieved. Chinese difficulties with the communes have probably made this less urgent, and the Russians have effectively discouraged the sectarian leaders in the European satellites who showed signs of imitating the Chinese 'leap forward'.

In watching this ideological contest it is easy to misunderstand the rules. Both the Chinese and the Russians know that they have as much freedom to disagree as Siamese twins. As the weaker partner, the Chinese can make the Russians take account of their views only by a form of brinkmanship which can lead to trouble for both parties if it is allowed to go too far. They must, therefore, publicly assume a sectarian position to show that they are in earnest. But they cannot impose their policy on the Kremlin, so long as Krushchev believes his policies are best for the Communist camp as a whole and in particular for the relaxation of tension on which the success of the Soviet seven-year plan depends. The Chinese objective could only be achieved by either a drastic deterioration in Soviet-American relations or the overthrow of the present Soviet leadership. The most Peking can expect is to create enough ideological pressure within the Communist camp and enough trouble, or threats of trouble, outside it to stiffen Krushchev's attitude to the West.

Paris

The Showdown?

A Correspondent writes: Has General de Gaulle at last decided to have a showdown with the ultras over Algeria? It is beginning to look like it. Last week's declaration carried his self-determination policy a decisive stage further by referring specifically, and for the first time, to an 'Algerian Republic'. Nobody in Paris, even his closest advisers, are clear whether this was intended as a deliberate challenge to the men of Algiers and their allies in France (certainly de Gaulle's threats and warnings were aimed at them); but there is a widespread belief that de Gaulle fears that Kennedy's victory will lead shortly to US intervention in Algeria, and he is anxious to settle the problem while the decisions still lie largely in France's hands.

If this analysis proves correct, will the ultras take up the challenge? It is believed in Paris that General Salan, on the assumption that de Gaulle's speech would be even more provocative, left for Barcelona intending to travel to Algiers and proclaim a separatist government once the speech was delivered; in the event, uncertain of the meaning of the speech, and of reaction to it, he decided to hold his fire. His fellow-ultras are similarly displaying an unusual caution. Their line at present is to insist on 'legality': they argue that nobody, even de Gaulle, is allowed by the constitution to 'give away' the territory of metropolitan France – and they further pose the issue as a conflict between parliamentary democracy, on their side, and dictatorship.

This 'soft' line may prove more successful than at first appears. Senior French administrators – on whom all depends – are excessively legalistic in outlook. It is significant that the first overt reactions to the declaration have been the resignations of M. Jacomet, Number Three in the Algiers administrative hierarchy, and two other senior officials. Jacomet is regarded not only as a moderate but as a notoriously cautious man, and there is no doubt that his resignation has shaken the de Gaulle entourage. These officials may be followed by others: indeed, Paris now fears a mass resignation of senior army commanders in Algeria, led by General Crepin himself – as the prelude to the formation of an 'Algerian government'. De Gaulle, therefore, must act swiftly if the situation is not to disintegrate. Many key figures in the administration and army are patiently sitting on the fence. Unless he shows immediately and unmistakably that he intends to carry out last week's threats and – for the first time – take effective sanctions against the men who defy him, the fence-sitters seem likely to climb down on the side of the ultras.

Meanwhile, what is the attitude of the FLN? Their leaders have so far refrained from comment, but it is known that they were pleased with the new declaration. They will, however, refuse to take any initiative (with both Russia and now, possibly, the US prepared to line up behind them, time is on their side), unless and until de Gaulle smashes the ultras. They argue, from experience, that any new French peace move is useless unless it involves a decisive showdown with Algiers.

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Africa

A Landmark in Rhodesia

Our Commonwealth Correspondent writes: Nothing could show more clearly the instability of white opinion in the present situation of the Rhodesias than the attitudes of the European mine workers on the Copper Belt and of the Southern Rhodesian Prime Minister, Sir Edgar Whitehead, over the past few days. After 30 years of intransigent opposition to African advance in the copper mines, the European Mine Workers Union, by a majority of two to one, has agreed to a single wage structure, regardless of race, for unskilled jobs. This is an industry where most Europeans earn about ten times as much as Africans: it is a brave decision, in a trade union organised to protect the conditions of its workers, to agree to a scheme which will open competition between black and white. The scheme is confined to the unskilled, but even in this class some European workers are able to earn well over £1,000 a year. As in the agreement allowing the first stages of African advancement three years ago, the attitude of the European union has been to persuade its members that they cannot prevent African advancement for ever and that the most which the union can do is to fight the battle in retreat. This victory lays the basis of an industrial structure in which merit and not colour can be the test of promotion.

Meanwhile, in Southern Rhodesia, Sir Edgar Whitehead has continued his hot-and-cold policy. In the same week that his notorious Law and Order Bill has been debated, he has also promised that Jashua Nkomo, the President of the National Democratic Party, who has been in exile for nearly two years, will not be arrested when he returns home at the end of this week. Of even greater significance is his announcement that members of the National Democratic Party will be invited to join the Southern Rhodesian delegation to the Federal Review Conference in London. Even though the premier spoilt some of the effect of this announcement by indicating which members of the party he would like to be chosen, the fact that Africans from Southern Rhodesia will be represented at the conference, together with representative Africans from the northern territories, is of immense significance. It may even compel the African leaders in the north to accept their responsibilities towards the African community in Southern Rhodesia.

Ceylon

The Schools' Takeover

Mrs Bandaranaike, the Prime Minister of Ceylon, did nothing to reduce political tension nor religious agitation in her broadcast on Monday. The 'certain religious leaders' she referred to were leading Roman Catholics who were standing out for the right to continue Catholic schools. A bill vesting the government with power to expropriate denominational schools has recently been accepted by parliament. It lays down the principle that education is the sole monopoly of the state and that therefore no private or religious body has a right to establish or administer schools. The Roman Catholics have naturally been agitating against the adoption of the bill. Their chief criticism has been that the government was seeking to introduce a measure which smacked of Communism. Ceylon's six Bishops, led by the Archbishop of Colombo, have met the Prime Minister and presented their case; and the Prime Minister turned it down. The Bishops followed up this interview with a statement that they would resist the government's move using all the constitutional means available.

The Assisted Schools and Training Colleges (Special Provisions) Bill was introduced by the government as a sop to extremist Buddhist elements in the country led by an organisation known as the Buddhist Congress, which has been demanding that the state-aided school system should end in view of what they allege is the undue influence wielded by the Catholics. When the Congress made this demand to the late Prime Minister, Mr Solomon Bandaranaike, he promised to consider it and later announced that no school would be taken over by the state except with its consent. The bill was bitterly opposed in parliament by the pro-Western United National Party, the Tamil Federal Party and the Ceylon Democratic Party led by former Prime Minister, Wijayananda Dahanayake. It was strongly supported by the Communist Party and the Trotskyite Lanka Sama Samaja Party. Even if the government's intentions were good in its decision to expropriate the denominational schools, the manner in which the debate progressed – the bitter attacks on the Roman Catholic Church launched by the bill's supporters – has increased the fears of the Catholics, who at a meeting held in Colombo decided to appeal to the Queen for redress against 'a repressive measure that has been adopted against a minority'. Parallel with the political campaign launched by the Catholics is the sturdy opposition of Mr Dahanayake, himself a Buddhist, who has even exhorted Catholics to shed their blood for a noble cause. What happens during the next few weeks after this agitation may well indicate whether a Kerala situation can develop in Ceylon.

Westminster

Dead Common

J. P. W. MALLALIEU *writes*: The little world of the House of Commons has presumably become much less strange to outsiders since the authorities stopped imprisoning those who reported its proceedings. Most school children now know about Question Time, when the determined representatives of the people come face to face with ministers so that the people may know what is being done in their name. They know, too, about the highlight occasions and even about the steady, unspectacular slogging through the nation's business. Or do they?

Question time is now an occasion on which the opposition tries to embarrass the government and the government tries to withhold all information which is not patently to its advantage. This week I have watched the Prime Minister, passionately and in detail, answering a series of questions about Polaris which had not been asked, while wholly ignoring the direct, but possibly embarrassing questions which had been asked. I have watched Mr Henry Brooke justifying his prediction that his Rent Act would produce more accommodation to let. The evidence he produced was the Small-ad section of the *Evening Standard*. He did not trouble to mention that the lowest rent mentioned in this section – and that for a bed-sitter – was, I believe, £3 10s a week, which is not much use to a working-class family who have to leave their home because their landlord is now demanding seven times the pre-war rent.

The picture of the House at work on the nation's business can be equally misleading. The average attendance at the two main debates of the week, on education and rents, was probably under 40. This can partly be explained by a natural unwillingness to undergo a speech either from Henry Brooke or from Sir David Eccles – and both were down to form. Brooke repeated for the tenth time a comparison between the housing records of the Labour and Conservative governments and for the tenth time omitted vital facts which alone could make the comparison valid; while Eccles made some interesting new proposals for education sound like an issue of debentures at rather low rates of interest.

This is not to say that the debates were unimportant. The fact that Labour had put down what amounted to a vote of censure on the government's education policy, was

The Editor of the NEW STATESMAN

The sale and influence of the NEW STATESMAN *have long been expanding overseas, and Mr Kingsley Martin has now been appointed editorial director with special responsibility for this side of the journal's development. On taking up this appointment Mr Martin will continue to write regularly for the paper but will be vacating the editorial chair which he has occupied for 30 years. Mr John Freeman has been appointed to succeed him as editor of the* NEW STATESMAN. *These appointments will take effect from 1 January 1961.*

Kingsley Martin writes:

The above announcement is to me the fulfilment of an idea that I have long cherished for the paper. I am delighted that the responsibility for its weekly conduct and policy should now pass into the hands of John Freeman, whose name is familiar to a wide public. We have worked together in close friendship and agreement for nearly ten years, and as deputy editor he has been in charge of the paper during my absences from England. He will now have full authority.

For my part I must confess that 30 years at an office desk, even one where I have enjoyed such complete freedom, seems long enough. On my visits abroad I have become convinced that there is a formidable and rewarding job for me to do for the NEW STATESMAN among English-speaking people everywhere. Happily John Freeman is willing to take the complete editorial responsibility off my shoulders, even though his vast public will see him far less frequently on TV.

Air communications offer opportunities of a new sort for British weekly journals. Already about one quarter of our sales are overseas; and I note that of every three books printed in Britain at least one copy, on an average, is sold abroad. Clearly there is ample room for expansion and development for such a paper as this. Whereas the potential readership of a weekly journal used to be confined to the inhabitants of this island plus a number of overseas subscribers, today we can reach a large English-speaking public everywhere. The ideas for which this journal has stood have spread throughout the world. They need fresh and sympathetic interpretation today in Asia, Africa, the United States, South America and Australia, as well as in Europe.

My new assignment is to compile special reports from abroad. 'Critic' may still make occasional appearances, but another hand must usually write or edit the column in which I have so long expanded my ego. I shall, however, continue to make frequent signed contributions. Indeed, my name will probably appear in the NEW STATESMAN more often than it has in the past.

enough to induce the government to come out with a plan for an inquiry into higher education and with more immediate proposals for increasing the opportunities for technical education. The pressures both of Tory and of Labour backbenchers, particularly in London, were at any rate enough to dent the stone wall behind which Brooke has sat aloof in comfortable ignorance, and to force him into giving relief at least to tenants whom landlords are now trying to burden with excessive bills not only for rent but for repairs. So to that extent the public picture of the House doggedly doing its job was true. But the sight of the thinly covered benches would have been a shock.

Members tend to explain the emptiness of the chamber by saying that those not immediately concerned with the day's business are in the library answering letters from their constituents or in the interview rooms meeting deputations; and no doubt much of this was going on on Monday and Tuesday. But other things were going on too. Would Mr Harold Wilson? Or would he not? How many times has Mr Hugh Gaitskell been seen chatting with the supposedly insignificant in the tea room during the past two days? And how many months is it since he was last there? What were Mr Will Griffiths's actual words when the leader of the party, mistaking him for someone else, offered him a drink? These were the matters which exercised the minds of at least some members as the debate on the Address – that grand inquest on the nation – wound almost unperceived to its close. This suggests that the stature of the House of Commons is diminishing. However, the relative importance which it currently gives to political gossip on the one hand and to, say, education on the other also suggests that the House is still like you and me. In other words the Commons remains an apt title for it.

Fleet Street

Invitations to Succumb

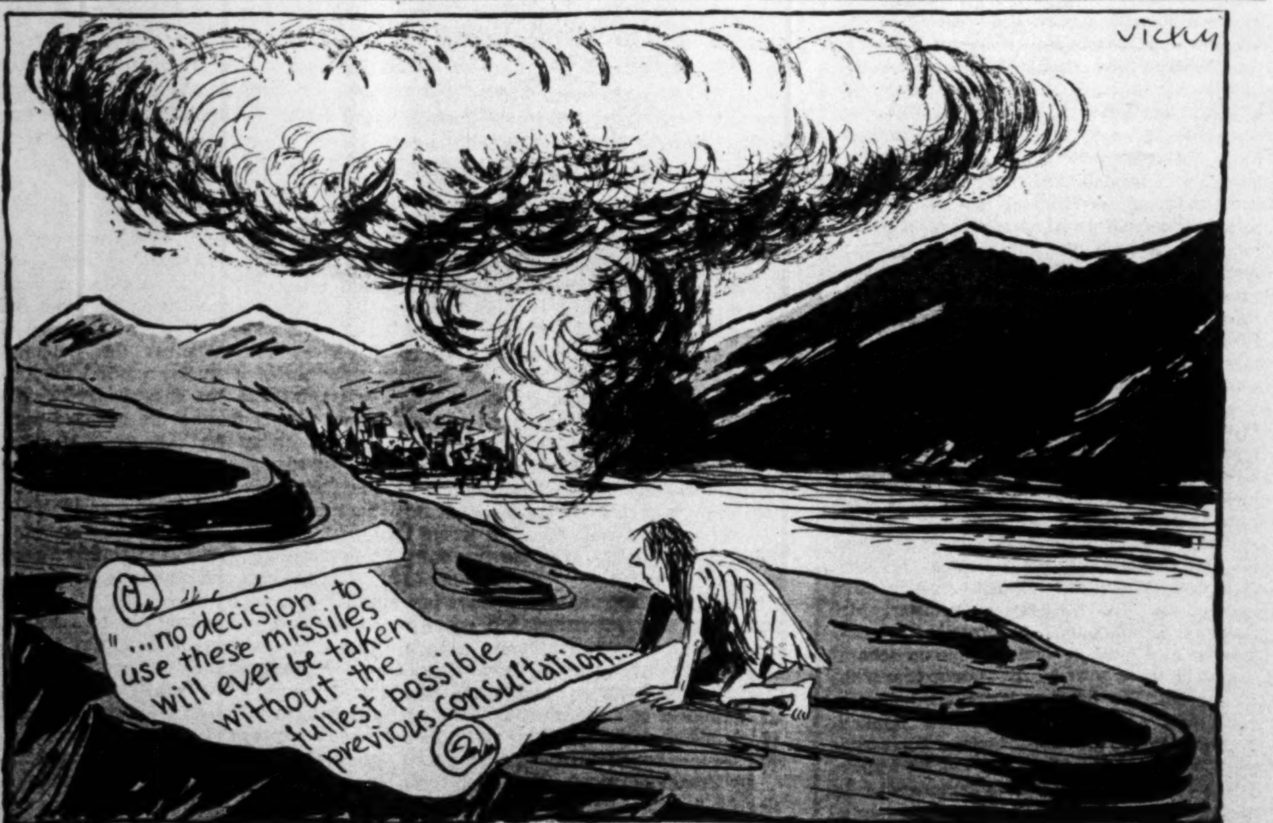
FRANCIS WILLIAMS *writes:* The Archbishop of Canterbury is not the only one to be having trouble with his Bishops. Lady Chatterley has brought schism to Printing House Square as well. 'Ours' said *The Times* sombrely, in a leading article that bore every mark of being written by the editor himself, 'Ours is still supposed to be a Christian country . . . A great shift in what is permissible legally has been made. But not morally Yesterday's verdict is a challenge to society to resist the changes in its manners and conduct that may flow from it. It should not be taken as an invitation to succumb . . . There is no appeal against the jury's verdict. But on the grounds of decency and taste and even morals, it is still possible to express dissent.'

Along the corridor in the offices of the *Times Literary Supplement*, as in Woolwich, other ideas were stirring. Even as *The Times* leader was being written, the worms had got to work at the *TLS*. 'As for the passages which have been so much debated', said the *Literary Supplement*, kicking its senior sharply in the shins, 'the worst thing to be said about them is that they sometimes make one laugh. It is difficult to see how any young person could get a wrong idea from them, though no doubt it is unwise to scamper around in the rain gathering forget-me-nots'. And, turning the knife, it concluded calmly: 'The actual "description of the whole act" is done with great sweetness, with moreover, many of the pitfalls clearly and helpfully indicated. Young persons of either sex are the last out of whose hands anybody should think of keeping this book'.

The *Daily Telegraph*, quoting Sir Allen Lane's view that a future prosecution of a book by a serious author issued by a serious publisher was now unlikely, declared: 'For that, if it proves true, everyone should be thankful'. Only the *Daily Sketch*, ever the defender of decency and morality, so long as it applies strictly to others, spoke up in a voice really recognisable in the editor's room of *The Times*. 'They' (the jury), it warned its readers in black type in a front-page 'Statement To Parents', 'have forced each one of us to make a choice whether or not we wish our children to buy sexual description at pocket money prices'.

The *Herald*, which is rapidly becoming a notable exponent of the civilised virtues under its new editor, was in no doubt at all that 'The verdict is a good one'. *Lady Chatterley's Lover* 'may in the end', it declared, 'contribute to a more humane and civilised view of the most profound and mysterious of human relationships'. For this it must surely be forgiven the possession of a sub-editor who, as Mr Wayland Young rather unkindly pointed out in the *Guardian*, felt called on to describe E. M. Forster as 'Mr Edward Forster a novelist'. The *Guardian*, which, as was to be assumed, felt very differently from *The Times*, hailed the verdict as 'A triumph of commonsense.' It was the only paper actually to print one of the four-letter words which had so much upset prosecuting counsel.

In doing this, and despite a leading article explaining diplomatically to its readers that they must not expect it to happen every day, it upset no end the *Sunday Dispatch* – now, under Mr Gunn, possessor of more reprimands from the Press Council than any editor in Fleet Street, engaged on a new life as a defender of public morality. 'There can be nothing but condemnation for the *Guardian* which went out of its way to print the coarsest of the four-letter words' it roared in its shocked tones on Sunday. 'The Chatterley


VICKY
"...no decision to use these missiles will ever be taken without the fullest possible previous consultation...

The Holy Loch Scrolls

decision must not be mistaken for a general licence to utter obscenities in print'. Even in the *Dispatch* office, however, there were stirrings of mutiny. In the next column Anne Scott-James, one of its most distinguished contributors and a defence witness herself, remarked briskly, not, presumably, having had time for any cosy chats with Mr Gunn lately, 'To-day nobody faints at a four-letter word'.

The popular Sunday papers as a whole were in a quandary. Anxious to show itself liberal but even more anxious not to encourage competition, the *People* decided that the best thing was to assure its readers that they would find the book dull anyway. The *Sunday Express* was more subtle – it recommended Eleanor Glyn's *Three Weeks* as a more readable alternative, while in another column Mr John Gordon, striking his usual blow for freedom, called upon the Bishop of Woolwich to resign. The *News of the World* concentrated on the Archbishop (a past contributor), and the *Sunday Pictorial*, jumping on the bandwaggon with less than its usual agility, announced with a maximum display the first instalment of 'an *expurgated* version of this famous novel'.

ITA and the 'Daily Worker'

A Special Correspondent writes: The treatment by the ITA of the *Daily Worker's* application to buy advertising space on commercial television seems disgraceful. The facts appear to be that during the summer the *Worker*, through its advertising agents, approached various programme contractors to buy space. The contractors at that time raised no objection. In August, however, the advertising agency was informed that the ITA had ruled *Daily Worker* advertising inadmissible under the Television Act. It was made plain that no exception was taken to the particular type of advertising material proposed: the decision was based on the assumption that the *Daily Worker* was a 'wholly or mainly political' organisation and therefore not eligible to advertise. This really is the most specious nonsense. Is the *Daily Express* not political? Or the *Daily Herald*? Or *Reynolds News*? Or the *Observer*? All these have at one time or another bought time on commercial television. Most newspapers are political; but that is not to say that advertising them is in itself a political act. To refuse advertisements only from the *Daily Worker* appears to us an act of gross political discrimination; it is particularly invidious in an Authority which apparently sees nothing wrong in the general level of commercial programmes or in the remorseless pressures on the public to poison itself with tobacco, alcohol and aspirins. The right of unpopular or odious causes to propagate their claims is a considerable part of press freedom. To say that the proprietors of the *Daily Worker* would gladly connive at curtailing that freedom is beside the point: it is the virtue of a democratic society that, until they succeed in doing so, they are entitled to make use of the same opportunities of persuasion as the rest of us.

Gaitskell and the Unilateralists

KINGSLEY MARTIN

If you accuse a large part of a British audience of wanting to sell this country to Russia, you must expect noisy interruptions; you are lucky if worse does not befall you. The interrupters at Mr Gaitskell's meetings in Lancashire and Liverpool last week-end had three reasons for anger. The first was that the chairman had refused to allow any spokesman for the opposite view of Labour's defence policy the right to answer from the platform. Yet it was they, not Mr Gaitskell whose policy was officially adopted at Scarborough. The second reason is that the press was invited to hear Mr Gaitskell's speech and was excluded from the discussion. This, I understand, was at Mr Gaitskell's own request. It meant that those who did not agree with him had to interrupt him if the press and public were to know that the meeting was not unanimously on his side.

The third reason is that Mr Gaitskell's remarks about the unilateralists were untrue and highly provocative. It is difficult to believe that this provocation was not deliberate. Mr Gaitskell's 'fight, fight and fight again' is, in practice, the opening of a McCarthy-style campaign to discredit his opponents by a Communist smear. He made the same accusation that unilateralists were 'fellow-travellers' at Scarborough and apologised for it the next day. But his tactics have not changed; his idea presumably is to drive them out of the party and publicly tar them with the Communist brush.

In his Manchester speech – to take one that has been fully reported – he apparently declared that those who believed in unilateral disarmament were, in effect, saying: 'Go to your allies and say "Please renounce and give up altogether your own nuclear weapons."' He added: 'I cannot understand why people who demand that the West should give up their nuclear weapons do not demand that Russia should do the same.' This account of his opponents' view can be immediately refuted from the relevant documents. The unilateral resolution which won at Scarborough begins by saying that the defence of Britain depends on international agreement by negotiation and demands general disarmament; while the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament has always confined its propaganda to British policy. It has not denied the mutually deterrent effect of Russian and American nuclear weapons, nor does it ask for unilateral American disarmament. Its latest official pamphlet, *Let Britain Lead*, makes this point explicitly. It explains that 'if we were called on to give advice to America (which we are not),' we should urge that nuclear weapons are 'not instruments of peace' and 'we should say exactly the same to Russia.'

The new President of the United States, Mr Macmillan, Mr Gaitskell and the entire CND are multilateralists. Everyone must be who is not a lunatic. A unilateralist is distinctive in that he holds that the present disarmament deadlock is rather more likely to be broken if Britain makes clear her intention to divest herself of nuclear weapons and nuclear bases. The CND believes that if one junior partner in the Suicide Club declares that it will not be party to the present madness, this may have an effect on public opinion and possibly reverse the engines of war. At present, British influence appears to count for nothing

Secondly, and much more optimistically, unilateralists hold that a Britain which has decided to become non-nuclear may have influence in dissuading countries that are not at present nuclear-armed from placing themselves in the same perilous position in which Britain now stands. We have it on the high authority of Mr Duncan Sandys that there can be no defence for the civil population against nuclear weapons, and we cannot believe that neutral Sweden and Switzerland are today in as much danger of destruction as Britain with a handful of nuclear bombs and a plethora of nuclear bases. About the necessity of defence there is no difference; the difference is that, since the authorities admit that the only defence against nuclear war they can think of is the deterrent threat of destruction, the CND holds that there is a better chance of survival if we refuse to take part in the nuclear arms game.

These propositions are accepted by the whole CND. The only argument within the Campaign is that a minority believes – I think ill-advisedly – that the present highly effective policy of democratic persuasion should be abandoned in favour of a campaign of civil disobedience. It seems particularly ill-timed to talk in these terms at a moment when the success of the unilateralist movement has been so spectacular. Never in our history has an unofficial agitation had so extraordinary a triumph in the short space of three years. But victory depends on converting, not alienating, public opinion – which means, of course, primarily opinion inside the Labour Party. Since Scarborough, the CND can work deliberately and in good heart through one of the great political parties, and has therefore a chance of having its policy nationally adopted.

It is because this is possible that it is now so bitterly and unscrupulously opposed. That is why Mr Gaitskell is lauded to the skies for fighting half the Labour movement instead of the Tory government. Never has there been so good an illustration of the dictum of Mr Balfour that 'whatever government may be in office, the Conservatives are always in power.' By their unanimous support of Mr Gaitskell as leader of the Labour Party, the Conservatives are trying to ensure first, that Labour will never get into office, and secondly that, if they do, the Conservatives will still be in power.

Even now comparatively few people realise the extreme danger in which we live. Mr Herter has stated, and his view has been accepted by American generals, that the US would have to consider very carefully in the case of any act of Soviet aggression whether it would be justified in immediately using its all-out nuclear weapons. One is glad to hear of this caution. But it means that Russia may, at a pinch, be tempted to regard the US deterrent as a bluff; if, say, they occupy Berlin or decide one night to carry out Krushchev's threat and destroy the American nuclear bases in Britain, it is at least doubtful whether the United States would think it worth while to destroy America, Russia, and most of the world, in order to avenge the smoking ruins of Britain or to keep faith with the anti-Communist population of West Berlin. There is at present enough uncertainty about this for the deterrent to work. Neither America nor the Soviet Union now has a Pearl Harbour mentality, but one cannot be sure that this perilous edge of security will endure if tension between the two blocs is increased. On both sides, the generals may decide that it is their duty in defence of their country to strike what the

Americans now call a 'pre-emptive' blow because they fear that the other side may be making a similar calculation.

This threat to human survival seems likely to be greatly increased by the Polaris missile. Mr Macmillan's pretence that we may have some control, or even the right of consultation, before the Americans use the Polaris has been exposed as a fraud by the Americans themselves. The Polaris submarines will have bases in Scotland and elsewhere; but it is not even suggested that they will fire from these. On the contrary, they will be far out at sea before they let loose their destructive but highly inaccurate missiles. So far from being the 'final weapon,' they are highly vulnerable, a prey to Soviet submarine-hunters on the high seas and at the entrances of Nato harbours. For this reason, the submarine-carried Polaris, like the Skybolt, is already out of date. It has been presented to the British public merely to soften us up for a far more serious development. It is understood that at the forthcoming Nato meeting America is to offer land-based Polaris missiles mounted on trucks which will be described as the finally effective deterrent – on the grounds that the Soviet Union will be ignorant of the place from which they will be fired.

One cannot imagine a more dangerous theory. If these missiles are in fact spread widely in countries friendly to the US, the precarious mutual balance of terror may be upset, all disarmament hopes will be ended, and tension will be greatly increased. The temptation to the Kremlin to strike first before these weapons are installed will be great. On the other hand, if the Pentagon believe that they can be used before the USSR is ready to retort with equal effect, Washington on its side will be tempted to strike a pre-emptive blow. It may be added that if war occurred without the USSR knowing where the Polaris missiles were, the Soviet reply would probably be the indiscriminate mass-bombing of all America's allies. These are the dangers of deliberate war; Mr Macmillan has himself emphasised the incalculable chances of world war beginning from some accident or misdirection or misunderstanding.

In face of these fantastic but yet real dangers, it is surely tragic that the British Labour Party, which alone has a chance of starting to reverse the wheels, should spend its time in an internal fight. The party is not in any case in danger of being in office in the near future, but by continuous and resolute opposition it could make it impossible for Britain to be a party to this madness. Since some measure of bipartisanship is always necessary in foreign and defence policy, Mr Gaitskell and his colleagues could lead an effective attack against this suicidal trend of Nato policy. If they did that, they would, in fact, lead a united party. Unilateralists would continue their reasoned propaganda, but in fact they would give wholehearted support to a leader who led them against the Conservative Party, exposed the ghastly dangers of present policy and mobilised the vast reserves of British commonsense that still desires to defend our country.

It is clear that Mr Gaitskell has no such intention of a unifying attack on Tory policy; if his colleagues allow him to do so, he will spend the next year trying to smear those who disagree with him as fellow-travellers, careless of their country's safety. The CND therefore has no alternative but to concentrate on maintaining and increasing the Labour majority vote for unilateralism.

Poles and Germans

JOHN MANDER

A week spent talking to Germans about Poles (in Essen and Berlin), followed by a week spent talking to Poles about Germans (in Warsaw, Cracow, and Wroclaw), can be a profoundly interesting – and disturbing – experience. It is not that one expects, only 15 years after Hitler's war, Germans and Poles to have kissed and made up. But one might perhaps expect some abatement of that racial hatred which killed six million Poles – and six million Germans. This is not the case. The memories of war are vivid and painful as ever. The psychological landscape reminded me of those towns and villages I visited in Silesia, where gutted buildings still stand as Soviet and Nazi artillery left them in April 1945. No pardon is given, no ghosts are laid. Suffering is a national, not a human, category; Poles speak only of Polish suffering, Germans only of German. Here, in a real sense, Hitler's war is still being fought.

As far as German-Polish reconciliation is concerned (and how can there be lasting peace in Europe without it?), the 15 years since the war have persuaded neither Poles nor Germans that the suffering of the other has any validity. Having said this, I would like to qualify: there is greater understanding of Poland in Germany than *vice versa*. There are, of course, the refugee organisations in West Germany, who have a professional interest in keeping old hatreds alive. But, while I met many West German intellectuals profoundly sympathetic to the fate of the Polish people, I met few Polish intellectuals who regarded West Germans as other than rampant *revanchists*, or who appreciated, as Poles might be expected to, what the division of a country can mean in human terms. In this, I think, Polish opinion is ill-served by the national press, which immediately translates, say, Professor Erhard's latest *gaffe* into the language of Himmler and Goebbels. Indeed, from what I saw of it, I would say that anti-German propaganda must rank as a heavy industry in Poland (the hit of the film season is an adaptation of Sienkiewicz's bloodcurdling epic about the Teutonic Knights; there is even a brand of cigarettes named after the battle of Grunwald, where they were defeated in 1410).

I hope I shall not be accused by Polish friends of lacking sympathy with Poland's fate in the past 20 years. The Poles are the most charming and hospitable people in Europe. The immense pride that they take, Communist or anti-Communist, in all the achievements of the 'Polish October' is an extraordinarily exciting thing: you sense it in every conversation; you see it before you in palpable form in the clean, colourful, utterly un-Stalinist, new architecture springing up all over the country. One knows, after a few days in Poland, that the chances of a more liberal Socialism in eastern Europe stand or fall with the Polish experiment. Again, it is not that one fails to understand what Poland suffered under Hitler. Nobody could, who spends a few hours at Auschwitz. One stares at the abandoned ovens, the gas chambers, the human hair woven into blankets, the mountain of false teeth from which the gold had been carefully extracted. The mind reels at the cynicism of the words *Arbeit macht frei* over the gates. There is a place, next to the crematorium, where your shoes crunch as you walk upon human ash and bone. The imagination can grasp at the false teeth, at the human hair, but not at the statistics: you cannot comprehend that four million human lives were annihilated on this spot. And yet Auschwitz is only a part of what Poland had to suffer.

There is, perhaps, no adequate response to Auschwitz. Many visitors, I was told, have said that the camp ought not to be shown to the public: it can sow doubts as to the reality of progress; it is a disgrace to humankind. But there is, I think, one response more inadequate than another: it is to exploit Auschwitz for anti-German propaganda, to ascribe this capacity for evil to German, rather than to human nature. I think it is true that the Poles fall, occasionally, into this trap. For a trap it is. It is not merely that Auschwitz gives a false picture of the concentration camp world. (Though this is true – very few Germans were imprisoned or died there. I can vouch that Buchenwald, where Ernst Thälmann, Carl von Ossietzky and tens of thousands of German Socialists and Liberals were murdered, leaves one with a different impression. The horrific aspect of this argument is that it represents a triumph beyond the grave for the men who created Auschwitz. The men who made Auschwitz believed, precisely, that a distinction could be drawn between German and human nature. It is arguable that Auschwitz represents – it is an uncomfortable thought – the logical conclusion of the romantic nationalism of the 19th century.

This is the trap: to feel disgust and horror at Auschwitz is human, but to emerge from Auschwitz an anti-German is no more helpful than to emerge a Nazi. This is relevant to the present Polish-German situation. For, while one enormously admires the spirit that has rebuilt Warsaw from its ruins, and given a backward agricultural country a heavy industrial base, a national spirit that feeds on hatred of another people may be open to criticism. We are always in danger of accepting a double standard – nationalism among Poles is natural and desirable; nationalism among Germans is criminal and disastrous. Historically, there are sound reasons for this double standard. But it is a fact, I think, that if the West German press, films, and radio were only a quarter as nationalistic as the Polish, we should all be scared out of our skins. This damages Poland's own real interests by playing the Soviet game – fear of the Germans is exploited to make Russian bondage acceptable, since Poland requires a strong ally. If the Germans did not exist, it would certainly be necessary for Gomulka to invent them.

But are the Germans still a menace to Poland? I don't think so. Briefly, I find three

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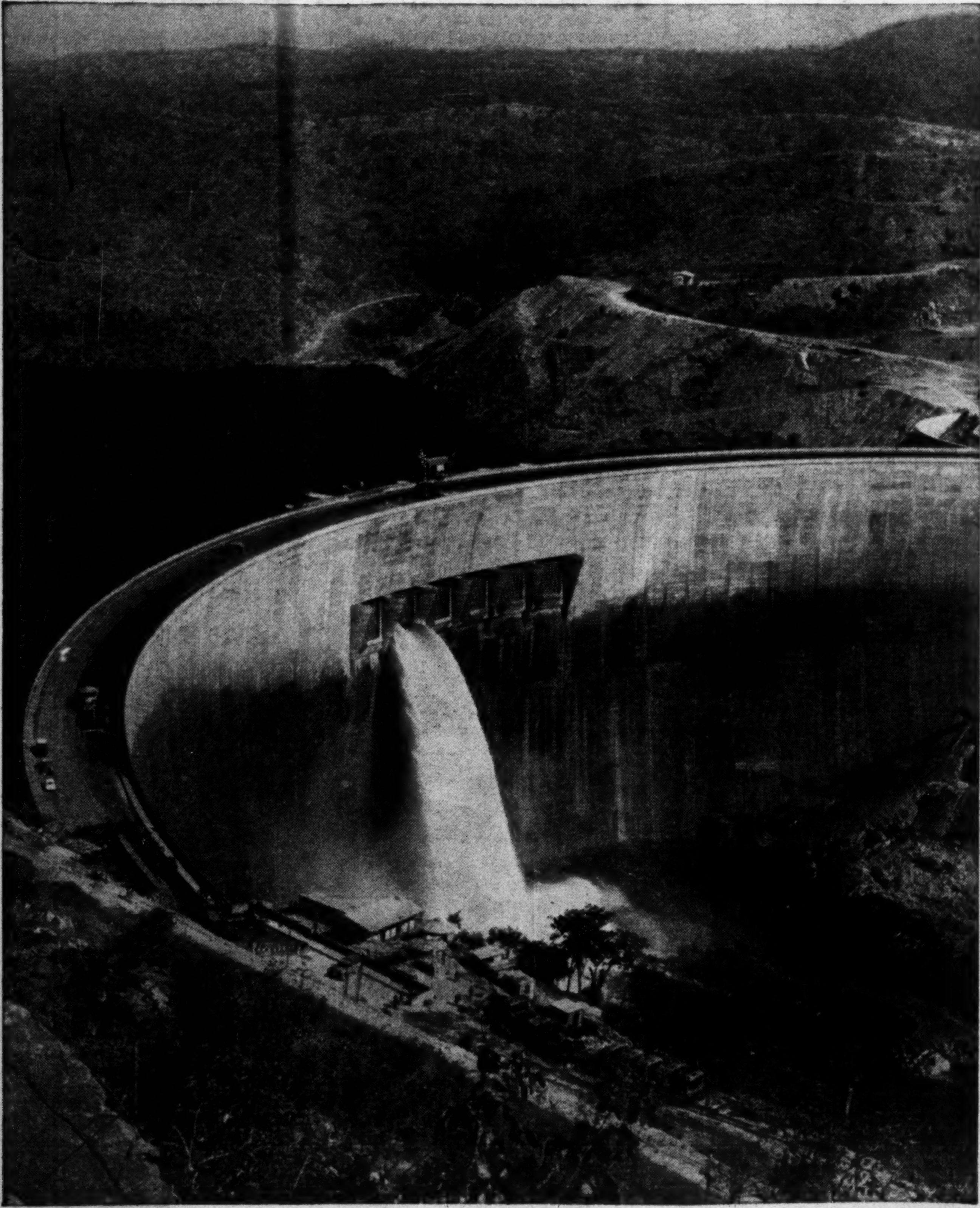

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views of Poland in West Germany today: one positive, one indifferent, and one malignant. The positive view is pretty widespread among the intellectuals and is the dominant view among German Socialists. It found expression, two years ago, in Carlo Schmid's pilgrimage to Warsaw – a gesture which was well-received at the time, though little appears to have come of it. It should also be said – and Poles admit this – that newspaper coverage of Polish affairs in the main West German papers is both thorough and fair.

Despite this, it is probably true to say that the bulk of the German people is, quite simply, indifferent. Traditionally, western and southern Germans have been little interested in eastern European affairs (Adenauer, remember, is a Rhinelander; Erhard and Strauss are Bavarians). People have astonishingly vague ideas even about the former eastern territories: I have met West Germans who thought that Breslau (Wroclaw) was now part of Herr Ulbricht's Germany. For these West Germans (and for many refugees who have become, in effect, West Germans) Poland is simply part of *der Osten*. *Der Osten* implies, in colloquial West German, the whole Communist bloc, Slav-dominated, but including Communist East Germany. In the general antipathy to all that is said to be going on in *der Osten*, little distinction is made between Russians, Czechs, Poles, and Communist Germans.

It is the third group of West Germans about whom the Poles, and ourselves, have to worry: the malignant. How many and how strong are they? They are not, first of all, identifiable with the 20 per cent of the West German population who are classified as 'expellees'. Of the eight million people expelled from the former eastern provinces, obviously a great number will hate the Poles to their dying day. The Poles, after the liberation, took a terrible revenge on the German population of these territories; something like a million, innocent and guilty together, were slaughtered or permitted to freeze or starve to death. These people were quite as much the victims of Hitler's racialism as the Poles themselves. The problem is to estimate how many, among the eight million survivors, really belong to the malignant, nationalist hard core.

My guess is: extremely few. Most observers agree that the majority of the refugees have settled down very comfortably in the West: they have never had it so good. The eastern provinces were poor; West Germany is affluent. Far from being overcrowded (this was the British nightmare in 1946), West Germany has now an acute labour shortage. The recovery of the eastern territories would be an economic burden, not a benefit. The majority of refugees know this. The refugee meetings I have been to did not strike me as political gatherings, but as an opportunity to meet old friends over a beer and a *bockwurst*. A paper I bought in Berlin, the *Schlesische Rundschau*, seemed to be devoted, apart from a front page of anti-Krushchev polemic, to the progagation of knitting circles and poetry readings in Silesian dialect. Of the many refugees I have spoken to, I have not met one who would wish to go back 'under present conditions', i.e. under Communism. They believe, of course, that they would make a better job of running these territories than the Poles; but nobody who has lived through the West German 'economic miracle' is going to fall seriously for the notion of *Lebensraum*.

This is not to say that any West German politician could dare to renounce these territories: this would arouse the latent sentimental attachments of the eight million. But this is the full extent of the power wielded by the refugee organisations; they inhibit, but they do not initiate, policies (diplomatic relations between Poland and the Federal Republic were on the point of being established last year, when the refugee organisations put pressure on the government, and the project was shelved).

How about these eastern territories themselves? Are they derelict and depressed, as the refugee spokesmen claim? Certainly the Silesian towns through which I drove are a shocking sight: it is as though the tide of war had only just passed over them. But the anti-Polish propaganda of the refugees does not allow for the extreme poverty of post-war Poland, and the comparative wealth of pre-war Germany. The Poles had not the resources to rebuild the towns of Silesia, while Warsaw still lay in ruins. But today, a great shipbuilding industry has been built up in Sczeczin and Gdansk, and in agriculture Silesia is now ahead of the rest of Poland. The integration of the 'western territories', whatever the Germans may say, has become a reality.

Possibly I am unduly optimistic. The refugees are certainly a potential danger, and one which an economic recession could render actual. I feel, nevertheless, that their significance is enormously exaggerated by Polish opinion. Adenauer's sins in regard to eastern Europe are sins of omission, not of commission. One cannot believe that the presence of Herr Seebohm or, formerly, Herr Oberländer in the federal Cabinet means that Dr Adenauer takes his orders from the refugee leaders.

The substantial charge against Adenauer is that, while he has educated the German people to see themselves as a part of the West, and has succeeded in burying the age-old conflict with France, he has done nothing to compel the Germans to come to terms with their eastern neighbours. This is an educational, as well as a political task; but it is one which his successor will be compelled to face. Probably our recognition of the Oder-Neisse line, at the right moment, would present the West German government with a very welcome *fait accompli*. It will require considerable political courage and ingenuity, but it is a nettle that West German politicians must grasp (the GDR, under Soviet pressure, accepted the Oder-Neisse frontier back in 1950). If they do not do so, and if we do not play our part, it's hard to see that the war that began in September 1939 can be ended within this or the next generation.

Turkish Diary

BELUNCLE

'What they will have to do now', said the taxi driver on my return, 'is to put all those four-letter words in the dictionary'. That is quite a point. I suppose they may be in the big Oxford, but they are in no dictionaries of mine nor, I suppose, in the 'decently reticent' ones of *The Times* and the Archbishop of Canterbury. But what has happened in England that an artist can actually win a battle against the Philistines? One important aspect of the Lady Chatterley verdict is that it is a triumph for a working-class writer defended with masterly clear-headedness by (among others) a working-class critic. Mr Hoggart's speech exposed with real authority that the solid centre of British Philistinism is in the Establishment. It is the owners of culture, the gentlemen, who always think they know better than any artist, who have been as big a scourge to the arts as the unlettered are. This power has been broken because the gentlemen have ceased to be the centre of a vital culture. Even so, we are left with the astonishing spectacle of ordinary men and women not giving in to the usual British mistrust of artists. What has happened? Of course it takes about 30 years for the art of one generation to be appreciated by the great public. But I wonder if one of the influences in the minds of the jury was not a revulsion against the prosecutions and bannings of artists which have been the Establishment's blood sport since the trial of Oscar Wilde. I wonder how many of the members of the jury saw the two Oscar Wilde films, and how strongly the court scenes impressed them. They may have pondered the ordeal of the distinguished artist who is hounded by authorities who are inferior in knowledge, imagination and sensibility.

* * *

If I ever write my autobiography I shall say I was born in the Age of the Public Prosecutor. He has become the Special Correspondents' bread and butter. They buzz round the earth from trial to trial, from one judicial circus to the next and, by now, they expect these shows to be laid on properly. Hence their annoyance with the Turks at Yassiada who did little more than provide a ferry boat to the island where a whole government was on trial for its life. The Turks were more irritated than pleased by the interest of the foreign press in the trial of Menderes and the rest; not because they had anything to conceal, but because they are, I fancy, by nature hermetic people. Proud and sensitive, say their friends; sluggish, say their enemies.

I used to sit on a balcony looking out on the Bosphorus. Eartha Kitt's Uskudar was opposite. I remember it from my childhood as Scutari, a place of bombardment, terror, refugees. An hour away in the milky steam of the Sea of Marmora is Yassiada – in Turkish, the flat island, very small, intolerably hot. 'The mistake you make, especially the British', two or three young Turkish friends kept saying to me, 'is that you compare our procedures with your way of managing things in the 19th and 20th centuries. The true comparison is with Cromwellian England. This is a Puritan revolution, guaranteed by a progressive army. The crisis is not parliamentary. It is constitutional. We are going to cut off a king's head.'

'For the sake of a dog and because Menderes had an affair with a singer and their child died soon after birth?' I said.

'Ah', they said, 'that is done to impress the Anatolian peasant. He is a puritan. He will be shocked. Perhaps we made a mistake there, from your point of view; but wait till we get on to the real thing.' The real thing *is* serious. There is, it is admitted, the good but unwise Menderes who built the coast road down the Bosphorus, who splashed money on the dams, on the factories on the wrong sites and so on; there is the bad Menderes of the last three or four years who became dicta-

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torial and megalomanic, who threw out the professors, imprisoned editors, tried to crush the press, who created the police spy, who allowed, if he did not actually ferment, the anti-Greek riots of 1955, in order to prevent any examination of the economic bankruptcy to which his government had brought the country. The revolution was required to enforce a return to legality and to abolish corruption. The latter, I think, is naturally shocking to the Turk; the white collar workers are usually overworked and have to do two or three jobs to keep alive; this revolution is the work of the intellectuals.

* * *

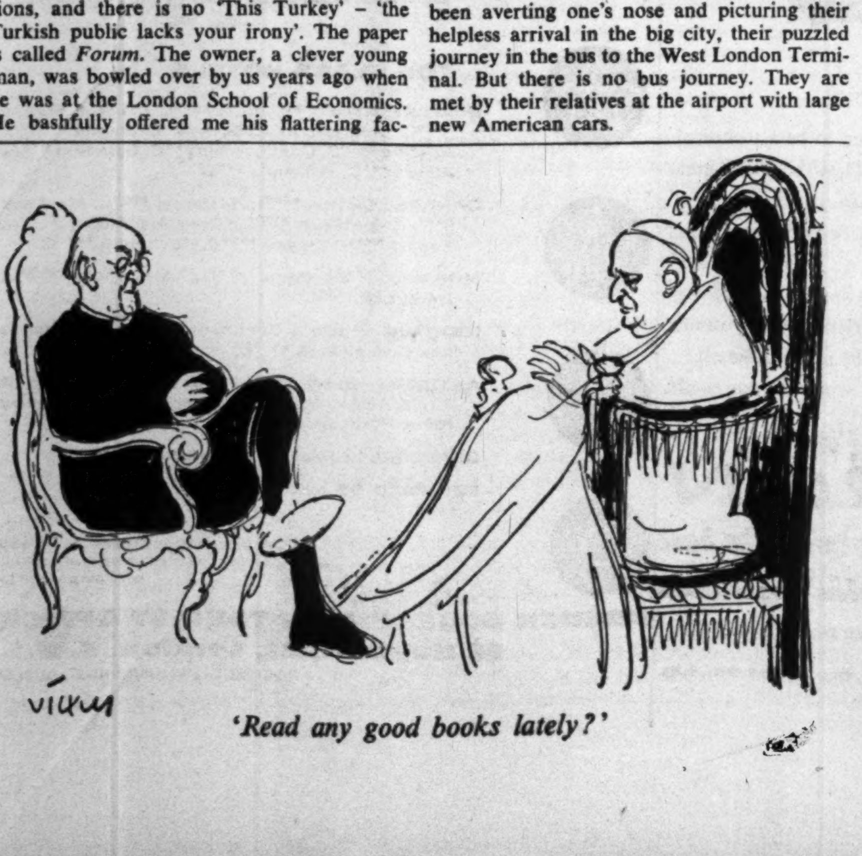
What about the supporters of Menderes? The press is not censored, but only in the most circuitous way is anything said in his defence. The Turk is a stern moralist, but he also worries and keeps his thoughts to himself. I met those who felt sympathy for Menderes personally, though they disapproved of his sins. They were afraid the Committee of 37 had gone too far, and it is known they are not united. But I found that there were two kinds of supporters of the revolution. One group were out-and-out supporters, scornful of those who thought that the Turkish future lay in the western, and particularly the liberal British, democratic pattern; and another, also of young people, but with technical and industrial interests, who said that the army had come in with a genuine wide-eyed charm and innocent zeal, but that up to now there is still no sign of a policy. Their strangest act was to sack 147 university professors and lecturers, since it is from the intellectuals that the movement has had its chief support. One of the bad acts of Menderes was to interfere with the universities. Organised Labour, so far as it exists, is non-political; there is no right to strike.

* * *

There is a NEW STATESMAN in Ankara. It is a fortnightly. It has been going for ten years or more. In format, in type, in contents, it sets out to be a replica of this journal. The only missing features are cartoons and competitions, and there is no 'This Turkey' – 'the Turkish public lacks your irony'. The paper is called *Forum*. The owner, a clever young man, was bowled over by us years ago when he was at the London School of Economics. He bashfully offered me his flattering facsimile. *Forum* was a focus of opinion in the early years when criticism of Menderes was beginning. It was devoted to serious political discussion and to economic research. Eventually its writers broke out of *Forum* into the newspapers and the big public campaign against Menderes began. Fatally for him – he tried to stop it by clamping down on the freedom of the press. I must say the first young owner of this paper and the new one – from King's, Cambridge – are gay young westerners. I saw no sign of the solemn Turk in them. I can think of a dozen or more gifted young men who were as lively as their opposite numbers are in Greece.

* * *

Sooner or later, the solitary tourist collides with the mass-travellers. I offer the following generalisations: the noisiest touring parties are the Scandinavians and Germans; the most snobbish, the French, the most disapproving, the British. The American busloads are harder to characterise. I should say that the American male is frantic with anxiety about his health and is sure his luggage has been stolen. American males on the world tour look worn out. But Momma is shrewd, healthy, humorous and capable. I travelled for an hour or so with one group of Mommas who were near the end of a three months world tour. They were elderly, strong, battered. They had reached the stage, one of them said to me, when they hated one another so much that there was nothing left for it but to laugh. Two American teenage youths were travelling with them and were the licensed mockers of the party. When the driver called out, as we arrived at the airport, that there would be no reserved seats on the aircraft, one of the young jesters stood up and said to the ladies: 'Get ready, girls. It's going to be heads down, elbows out and knees together'. It was. The surprising mass-travellers are the scores of Cypriot peasants who catch the night plane from Nicosia to London. Dressed as if they had just walked off the land, carrying their bundles, they pack themselves like frightened animals into the Comet and vomit with fear all the way. One has been averting one's nose and picturing their helpless arrival in the big city, their puzzled journey in the bus to the West London Terminal. But there is no bus journey. They are met by their relatives at the airport with large new American cars.



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The four-letter words in 'Lady Chatterley' are not likely to be included in the Oxford Dictionary as a result of the case. 'This legal judgment is irrelevant to our purpose,' said Oxford University Press 'We don't take into account anything but common usage.' – *Daily Express*. (R. C. Lubbock.)

Rowley Regis Conservatives are to ask Mr Arthur Henderson, Socialist MP for Rowley Regis and Tipton, to support Mr Gaitskell on defence policy. The local Socialist Party has asked the Member to support Mr Harold Wilson. – *Birmingham Mail*. (A. H. Symes.)

I remember the morning when he was taken exceedingly ill. Instead of the usual nod of the head to me on my arrival he spoke. 'Cronin,' he said, 'I think I'm dying.'

The habit of years could not be broken in me and I knew that Lord Tredegar in his more collected moments would not wish it to be.

So correctly I replied, 'Very good, my lord' – and thereafter the normal silence between us was re-established to our mutual satisfaction. – Cronin's Memoirs in the *People*. (W. Allard.)

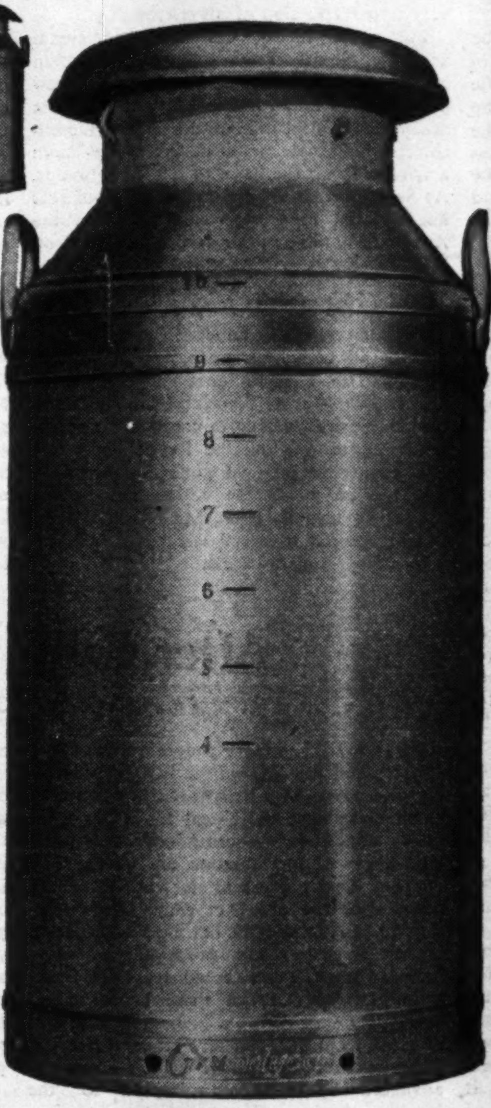
End of an Old Song

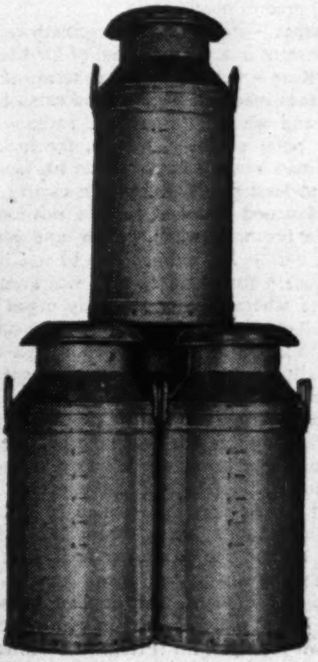
ANTHONY HOWARD

A great while ago when it all began – at the Democratic Convention at Los Angeles on 11 July – the connoisseurs of American politics were already apologetic. It wasn't, they explained defensively, normally like this: always before it had been much more fun. While the floor pretended to erupt, the sages sitting in the gallery mournfully shook their heads – and derived what comfort they could from conveying the impression that, like a novice with a wine list, we had somehow chosen a bad year. But there could really be no disguise. In their bones the quizzical men who had watched American politics for a generation seemed to know from the start that something had changed.

Of course the show did go on. Teasing Democrats took elephants canvassing, enterprising candidates addressed crowds from Jules-Verne-type balloons, and everywhere eager party workers tried to press embossed cuff-links, brooches, pendants, cigarette lighters, even powder compacts into uncommitted hands. But at the end it was all rather sad; and as the old troupers swept up the debris, one or two of them looked uncomfortably as if they had the feeling that that was where they belonged too.

It was, in fact, a serious, solemn presidential election – and one that perhaps has done irreparable damage to the rumbustious American political legend. For four months the American nation seemed to be held in the grip of a moral earnestness so formidable that when in the last days Dr Billy Graham suggested that the whole country should pass the election eve on its knees, not even an atheist raised a smile. And throughout the campaign statements were made (Mr Eisenhower commending 'wood-shed honesty' to $100-a-plate Republican diners; Mr Nixon holding up his vision of a president setting standards for every American child to follow) which, far from raising horse laughs in the bars, seemed





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to be greeted with a kind of national 'amen'.

Perhaps what we saw was the end of an era – an America grown so solemn under the burden of its international responsibilities that it no longer had room for its own internal political bonanza and braggadoccio. In a country where a book called *The National Purpose* is a best-seller, Harry Truman was clearly swimming against the tide in making such irreverent remarks as 'What's a statesman anyway? He's only a dead politician'. The nation heard him in a shocked silence, and continued to be pre-occupied with the international predicament.

All issues – from economic growth to the imprisonment in a Georgia gaol of Dr Martin Luther King – were discussed in terms of the impact they made on the eyes and ears of the world; and when, at what was perhaps the turning point of the campaign, the luckless Dr Norman Vincent Peale fell on his face he did so at least partly because he clearly had not understood about America's mission to the little brothers (white, yellow and black) who were everywhere thought to be watching. This concern for world opinion was even bipartisan: where Senator Kennedy urged 180 million Americans 'to see ourselves as others see us', Vice-President Nixon countered with an equally fervent determination to get the three billion peoples of the world to see America as it saw itself.

Significantly this one argument became the main campaign issue; and it was almost certainly in the light of it that the verdict was brought in. At first this seemed to suit the Republicans very well. When Mr Nixon started blazing the campaign trail with his anger at 'those who run down America' he undoubtedly thought that he had found a handy, jagged political weapon with which to cut down his opponent (President Eisenhower with his invariable 'I find it difficult to keep my temper' in face of all questions about a decline in American prestige undoubtedly shared his view). But as the days went by and the lightning stubbornly refused to strike the Democratic Party or its standard-bearer, something happened. Mr Nixon, as he huffed and puffed, suddenly began to look old-fashioned.

By all the laws of traditional American barn-storming politics Mr Nixon should have succeeded in putting Senator Kennedy to flight – as he had already done in the same way to Mr Jerry Voorhis and Mrs Helen Gahagan Douglas in his campaigns in California. But instead he fell on his own sword. Almost overnight he seemed to cease to belong to the modern American world of moral responsibility and high-minded rectitude. It was Senator Kennedy with his icy 'I really do not need Mr Nixon to tell me what my responsibilities are as a citizen' who had found the nation's mood: it was Mr Nixon, as he turned from the experienced steersman into the small-town booster, who finally lost it. At the end of the campaign the Democrats had almost succeeded in converting him into a kind of Willie Loman figure – a decaying political salesman whose bragging and bluster were quite out of tune with the country's new political temperament.

In the transformation one other factor probably played its part: and that was the contrast between the manner in which the two candidates conducted their campaigns. Throughout Senator Kennedy appeared governed by reticence (even having difficulty in mustering the expected 'Glad to meet you' when he shook a hand in a crowd); Mr Nixon, on the other hand, was from the beginning all *bonhomie* and expansiveness (greeting party workers as though they were long lost friends, and crowds as if there was nothing he wanted more to do than to dive in and sit in their laps). Here again what became part of Mr Nixon's undoing seemed at first to be his advantage. In the early days of the campaign there were those who resented Senator Kennedy's coldness – his inability to provide Roosevelt's fireside warmth, Truman's folksiness, or even Adlai Stevenson's cocktail party charm: and Mr Nixon surprised the nation – especially in his acceptance speech – with a very friendly version of his personality.

But as it turned out the professional affability almost certainly hurt rather than helped. For 1960 seemed to produce a new prototype American voter – inoculated against the geniality of the man on the television commercial and suspicious of all those who claim a friendship on the basis of asking a favour. As Senator Kennedy continued his aloof role he appeared to answer some need in the American nature; as Mr Nixon struggled on clasping elbows, patting shoulders and flashing smiles he looked more and more identifiable with the old order – with men such as Tom Dewey, Alf Landon, and Herbert Hoover all of whom were wheeled out to shore him up. Their presence – and indeed the use *in extremis* of President Eisenhower – probably merely served to confirm the unfortunate impression that the Republicans were still playing the political game the old way – the way on which the nation had sternly decided to turn its back. Mr Nixon bravely fought the old troupers' last battle, and together they went to defeat.

New Statesman Logogram – 4

'It may sound incredible,' said the Professor, 'but it is possible for two people to be parties to a bet so that both of them stand to win more than they lose.

'Let me give you an example. Last Wednesday, Wilson and Harrison went to Newmarket and each had a winning day. Before either of them knew how much the other had won, each agreed to wager his total winnings that he had won less than the other.

'Wilson pointed out, quite rightly of course, that since the amount he stood to lose was his afternoon's winnings and the amount he stood to gain was a sum greater than his afternoon's winnings, the bet was clearly in his favour. Harrison pointed out that the bet was obviously in his favour for exactly the same reason. So in effect both of them stood to gain by the transaction.'

Is there any fallacy in the Professor's argument?

Solution next week.

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM

It was only necessary to ring one room, No. 2. This room had been reserved for Mr and Mrs Smith, so that in fact it contained either the two Mr Smiths or the two Mrs Smiths. Knowing whether the two gentlemen or the two ladies were in No. 2 room, and knowing that each of the couples was in the wrong room, it could be deduced which were in the other two rooms.

After Lady Chatterley

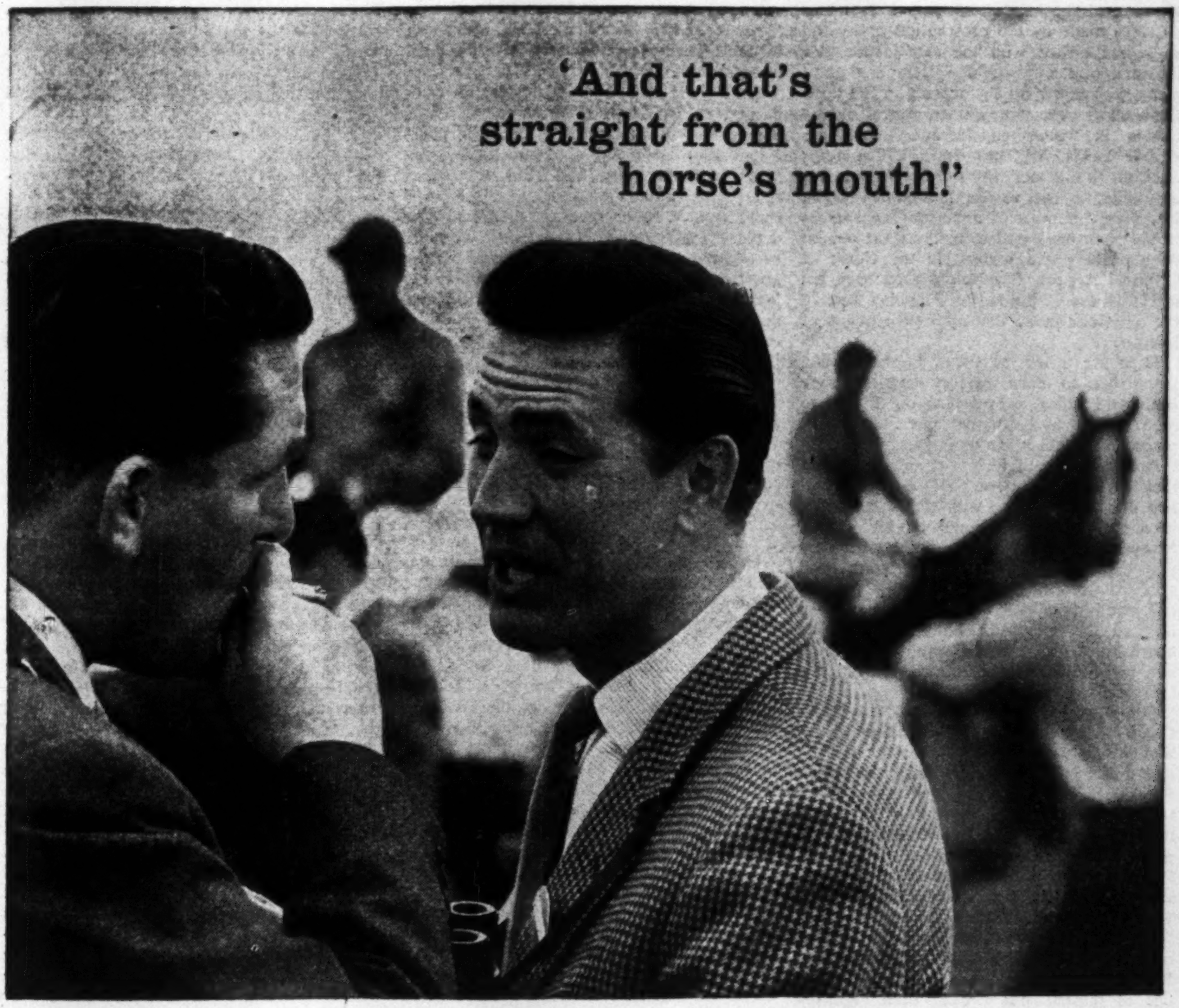
C. H. ROLPH

What now? There are people who feel that the acquittal will change the face of publishing, and others who believe that a conviction would have been the signal for a long-pent police attack on 'obscene' novels. I think both views of the situation are wrong. The Penguin Books prosecution was about the ninth since the new Act came into operation on 29 August 1959, but most others have concerned self-evident pornography which included nothing you could reasonably call a novel. Only one of these (*The Ladies' Directory*) went before a judge and jury, and none of them afforded any scope for expert evidence that 'the public good' would be advanced by their contribution to 'the interests of science, literature, art, or learning, or of other objects of general concern'.

If in this matter of penalised words the English are really two nations (and I think they are), with a thought barrier between them that is as old as literacy, the police are on the side that would go on punishing the words: Bernard Shaw and Mrs Pat Campbell must have had a narrow escape. The people who would rescue the words from their modern abasement are eggheads and degenerates. It may help in an understanding of this attitude if I report, by way of example, how one police inspector told me very seriously during the trial that he had no doubt all the members of the Wolfenden Committee were perverts; and after a short discussion he went away obviously thinking I was, too.

The police are rather encouraged in this attitude by the methods of the Director of Public Prosecutions and his none-too-merry men, who manifestly feel only rectitude in their obsessional approach to the facts of life, and for whom Lawrence was merely a clever dirty man. But it doesn't matter very much: the police attitude is far less important than is generally supposed. They seldom, if ever, initiate prosecutions about novels: their main concern is the 'Charing Cross Road pornography' (poor old Charing Cross Road!) which would rally no experts to its defence and which, indeed, relatively few people either know or care much about. Even so, more often than not the initiative comes from some private citizen or some subjectively public-spirited society.

Such cases seldom result in a prosecution; the dealer, once the police have descended upon him, agrees to let them destroy the books (magazines, pictures, etc.), and at once sets about arranging safer avenues of supply. When the rare prosecution does come to trial it never goes beyond the magistrates' court and is given little attention by the press. The Penguin *Lady Chatterley* was prosecuted, one supposes, because the Law Officers, learning that it was to come out at 3s. 6d. instead of about 25s., read it again and decided that it must be kept from the hoi-polloi. There is no point in blaming the police for this, or in complaining that there are other books which they leave alone. This one got off because its literary quality was made clear to such of the jurors as hadn't noticed it, and because the trial went on so long that they got used to the prosecution swearing at them. The acquittal opens no flood gates.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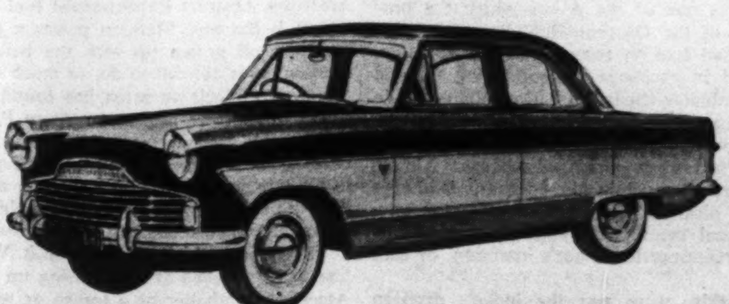

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How about the DPP and the publishing world? The one unfortunate effect of an acquittal at the hands of a jury is that any mistakes made by the prosecution or by the judge are buried with the case. There can be no appeal whatsoever – though a good many newspapers (to say nothing of the Lord Chancellor) have said that an appeal by the Crown is 'under consideration' and Mr Arthur Lewis, MP, put down a Commons question to find out why the Crown was not appealing. If the verdict had gone against Penguins, a number of important legal issues would have been settled, to the great benefit of publishers and writers, in the Court of Criminal Appeal. They might even have got to the House of Lords, for Penguins were in the bitter-end mood that uplifts the hearts of lawyers.

Here are a few of them. First, was the judge right to make the jury read the book in the Old Bailey, instead of taking it home to read? So far as I can remember, this was a precedent. 'Read it just as if you had bought it from a bookstall,' he told them. How could they? When you buy a book at a bookstall you don't settle down with eleven strangers, in a kind of padded room on the site of Newgate Gaol, and read until the jailer says you must hand it in and go home until tomorrow morning. Apart from the prejudicial atmosphere this requirement may have invoked, did it look as if the judge (having heard no evidence) already thought the book was too horrible to be allowed outside the building?

Secondly, the prosecution said that *Lady Chatterley's Lover* 'tended to induce lustful thoughts in the minds of those who read it', and that this, on the authority of *Murray's Dictionary*, was the meaning of the statutory words 'deprave and corrupt'. Is it? Wouldn't this mean that all the advertisements and posters depicting attractive girls, to say nothing of all the popular Sunday papers subsisting richly on the Sexual Offences Act, 1956, were obscene? (And if so, who comes forward to champion their scientific, literary, or artistic merit?) If it is a crime to raise lustful thoughts in others, then everyone over the age of puberty has already been depraved and corrupted. Moreover, the prosecution had complained that Lawrence's descriptions 'left nothing to the imagination'. No? Then where can the lustful thoughts get in? The more a writer leaves to the imagination, the more scope he is allowing for these lustful thoughts; so the purest novels are the worst. And so on (we should have heard a lot about this in the Court of Criminal Appeal).

Thirdly, there is the question of the author's 'intent' and 'motive', which the judge ruled were not relevant, though Lawrence's sociological messiahship was well known. This was one of the points which the promoters of the Obscene Publications Bill, in 1957, had had to concede to the Solicitor-General in exchange for something thought more valuable (their bill had originally made 'intent' a specific requirement). Yet here was the Crown contending that *Lady Chatterley's Lover* 'sets out to commend sensuality almost as a virtue', and that 'the emphasis is always on the pleasure, the satisfaction' (what vileness) 'and the sensuality of the episode'. Is this a reference to author's intention, or isn't it?

Fourthly, there was the judge's decision that there must be no comparison with other books (whether Lawrence wrote them or not) for the purpose of evaluating the 'obscenity', though there might be comparisons about literary merit. The dividing line here proved to be blurred at times to the point of invisibility. For example, when Mr Hoggart was speaking about what Adam did to Eve in *Paradise Lost*, was he concerned with Milton's literary excellence or with his puritanism?

Finally, the act's requirement that the publication on trial be considered 'as a whole' proved very difficult to carry out. The judge would allow no mention of any purple passages until the jury had read the book, though the prosecution fought for this as if the law had never been changed, and the defence rather thought at first that it shouldn't be allowed at any time: let the jury read the book as a whole; they would recognise the 'controversial' bits when they came to them, and if they didn't, then those bits were not controversial. (This custom of reading to the jury as if it were composed of illiterates is strongly reminiscent of the old lady who called in the police because a man was improperly exposing himself at an opposite window. When the police remarked that he wasn't really visible from her window she pointed out crossly that so far they hadn't even troubled to stand on the chair she had been using.)

On all these points, because of the 'Not Guilty' verdict, there remains uncertainty. I've tried to indicate some of the consequences of the acquittal, which have been obscured by the enormous publicity. Nevertheless, only one book has been acquitted: we don't really know why. We shall know much more about the general prospects when someone offers the British public a popular edition of, say, Henry Miller, is convicted by a jury, and then goes to the Court of Criminal Appeal.

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

The Actions of the Dandy

DAVID SYLVESTER

Georges Mathieu, of whom Malraux has said 'a Western calligrapher at last' and whose exhibitionistic antics, souped-up technique and insolent prices have moved even *Time* and the *Evening Standard* to prim amazement, arrived here a few days before the opening of his show at the New London Gallery, in good time to paint the last half-dozen pictures. When he telephoned me, as an old acquaintance, and asked me out to lunch, I told him I wasn't very well, invited him to my house instead and, embarrassed at seeming uncooperative, hastily asked whether there was anyone in London I could introduce him to. *'La Reine d'Angleterre? . . . Eliot?'* It's this arrogance and elegance that I like about his paintings.

Mathieu, with his mustachios, his royalism, his medieval titles for non-figurative pictures, his practice of painting in public and in fancy dress and never for long (maximum time for a colossal canvas: two hours; minimum time for a biggish canvas: five seconds) is the supreme dandy of contemporary art – more purely a dandy than Francis Bacon, as Whistler was more purely a dandy than Wilde. He has the pure dandy's assurance that the possibility doesn't exist of his acting wrong, the dandy's way of clinching an argument by producing a joker from up *your* sleeve.

Until now it has always been bourgeois society that the dandy has shocked. Mathieu shocks the enlightened. I suspect that if there is one thing in the world capable of making the blood of a Socialist Realist and an American Abstract Expressionist boil in unison, it is the way Mathieu paints a picture. We have all grown up with the belief that modern art is difficult to do, so much so that, the more difficult an artist has found it, the better we suppose him to be. Even Picasso's facility only became respectable after he had checked the *Wehrmacht* and fathered children in his late sixties, thereby becoming a divinity. And so there is something shocking to us about Mathieu's facility, and something deeply so about his harping upon it. We profess to be shocked at his dressing up like an American footballer or a torero or whatever in order to paint, and by his doing his painting before an audience on the stage of a theatre or in the window of a big store; but I think that our basic resentment is against the fact that he actually manages to paint a picture while all this is going on.

What Mathieu does, as dandies always do, is to take to an extreme conclusion, to the point of absurdity, certain current modes of behaviour which are accepted and admired so long as they are indulged in with a decent restraint. It is now held to be perfectly respectable – indeed, it is *de rigueur* – for a painter to be filmed at work. Why then shouldn't he do his work as live theatre? Isn't it in fact admirable that he should have the courage to perform publicly when there can't be any re-takes? Then there's the matter of his speed of execution. Why, Mathieu is asking in effect, should the licence of being a lightning artist be restricted to Picasso? And if the greatest hero in contemporary art can perform *molto allegro*, why not, if one has the dexterity, go all the way and do it *prestissimo?* Also it seems to me that Mathieu puts free abstraction in its proper perspective by never taking more than two hours over the biggest of canvases. The dogged slowness of a Cézanne is necessitated by the fact that he is aiming to achieve the utmost correspondence between his picture and his precise sensations of reality. But a non-figurative painting is free from the need to correspond with anything objective, is a law unto itself. Mathieu's methods can be read as making the point that to labour at this kind of painting as if one were Cézanne is empty vanity.

Mathieu also takes to extremes the contemporary artist's position as hero of a cult of success and as maker of easy money. Nobody in the world today makes money so easily as the successful artist. The film star or pop singer has to give a mass public what it wants when it wants. The artist can do exactly what he likes when he likes, and still, if it happens to appeal to a snobbish elite, make a fortune.

These several conventional patterns which Mathieu makes unconventional by taking them to extremes all relate to the current belief in the magical potency of the personality of the artist. His easy money is a sign of our adoration. His rapidity of execution is a sign of his godlike power to bring things into existence instantaneously, at the raising of an arm. His performances in public give his devotees the chance to see the *mana* passing from him through his strong right arm to the canvas, and is also a guarantee of the authenticity of the product, as with the *accouche-*

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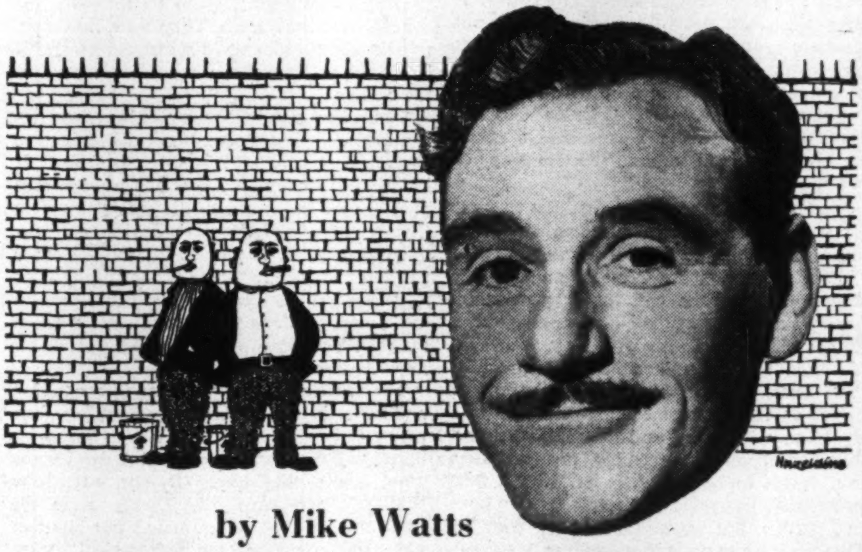

by Mike Watts

The author of next Tuesday's play is a London milkman who studied writing for television from reference books at his local library. 'The Pot Carriers' is Mike Watts' first television play and we hope that he will rate as one of the outstanding television playwright discoveries of the year.
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ment of queens before an audience. This scribble, he declares, is precious because it is by *me*. Picasso implies this in the verve which he gives to his signature. A painting by Mathieu is nothing but his signature, each canvas a different way of elaborately signing his autograph. The agonised self-portraiture of American Abstract Expressionism here finds its extravert counterpart.

And what we enjoy above all in the work is our identification with the artist's godlike agility. We don't as we look at a Mathieu feel its form in the muscles of our bodies or in our finger-tips or the palms of our hands. We feel it in our arms and wrists. We feel ourselves repeating his rapid confident stylish gestures. Our excitement derives from reproducing in imagination the speed and verve of his actions, in all their controlled fury and feverish elegance. Beyond this what is exciting is the impression the paintings give of compressed energy. They have the force of an ejaculation – in two ways: the sense implied by the fact that the paint has gone straight on to the canvas, and the resemblance they have to those concatenations of consonants and symbols used in comic strips to indicate the utterance of explosive sounds.

Of course they are lightweight works. But they don't pretend not to be. Their titles may allude playfully to a content which we probably wouldn't find for ourselves in the paintings, but the paintings themselves make no false claims. Unlike the work of most other fashionable abstract painters, such as Fautrier, Manessier, Soulages, Tapiès, Burri or Appel, they make no use of the symbolism of style to hint at mysteries which they don't actually contain. They are not only amongst the most vigorous and entertaining paintings of the day, but also among the most honest.

Lionel Fielden

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Poetry in the Theatre

H. A. L. CRAIG

The night I was there the Arts Theatre had emptied itself; it had put Mr Ronald Duncan's poetry in. *This Way to the Tomb* was by way of vacant seats, each one a little grave in itself, and a scatter of audience so bored, so stark, that they might have been waiting for the undertaker. Occasionally, a dead got up, grinned a ghastly smile, and walked out. Is it that poetry in the theatre is no longer relevant to us? We can say at once that it is Mr Duncan's class of poetising that has no relevance. Poetry in the theatre is not simply a poetry of words; it includes all the passage of the stage, foot and mouth. The body must be presented with the soul. Moreover, a poet's instinct is to conserve language, while Mr Duncan's practice is to go on a spree with it; until, in the manner of certain drunks, it begins to admire itself, to mirror only itself. One feels that the words are upstaging the actors.

Verse drama, as W. B. Yeats and T. S. Eliot wished to achieve it, does not exist; since the late Ibsen, a return to verse, like a return to the sovereign, seems impossible. If the two greatest poets of the time could not force verse on the theatre, it is unlikely that the Frys or MacLeishs will do it. Yet there is poetry in the theatre. It is in prose and it is not new. Chekhov, Synge, O'Casey – each a dramatic 'poet' – wrote in prose and achieved the revelations and some of the elevations of poetry.

Mr Duncan, at the Arts, substitutes rhetoric for speech; Mr Beckett, in Paris, writes his prose and is the poet. In his few plays and fragments, Beckett has brought more to the theatre than anyone else in his generation. Strange, misbegotten, half-begone characters, tramps, gibberers, Lucky with his rope around his neck, these peculiars, in the foulness of their nests, become, by Beckett, symbols of ourselves. The loathsome characters burn with their own living; and though Beckett, divesting them of everything, has put them into 'bowls to beg', each is left with a final possession, his own soul. Each is his own lawn and garden. But we would be back with Mr Duncan if we thought that soul was sufficient. Beckett's characters, as they mime, croak, laugh, scratch, dance, are entirely theatrical; their very ordinary speech is the shortest distance between themselves and their audience, but – and here is the transformation – their ordinary speech becomes extraordinary in the conclusion. What you see or hear becomes an allusion to what is beyond being said or heard; you are stripped as the beggars before you are stripped and left, among these images of pain and silence, with a vision of the nature of life. 'Weeping in order not to laugh'. Mr Beckett's end is poetry and while he writes the theatre will continue to be a place of poetry.

The difficulty of the modern poet is to make any statement at all; poetry today comes painfully and seldom, not 'like the leaves to the tree' or by permission of a ritual. But the last few years – and Arden, Pinter and Whiting – have shown that however hard it is for the poet to express himself lyrically, in his own person, a lyrical statement is possible in the theatre. It may be by benefit of a dance – Beatie's dance in Mr Wesker's *Roots;* or a couple of plain words – 'Good morning Paddy' in Mr Owen's *The Rough and Ready Lot;* or by a whine of song – 'The Ould Triangle' in Mr Behan's *The Quare Fellow*. These are three unpoetical plays that discover moments of poetic revelation. The poetry is in the perfect aptness between what is said or done and what is felt.

In the 'confused market-place' of modern poetry the poet's problem has been to find a position far enough away from himself for him to speak freely and yet near enough for him to speak truly. Could it be, it's a case of God Bless Mr Browning, a draggle of myth-making ballad-men and the third person poetry of Mr Eliot? This, at least, might be John Arden's prayer. For, by lying in such bosoms, Mr Arden has produced the finest Englishman's play since he himself was a baby. *Serjeant Musgrave's Dance* has reinstated, in part, the heroic figure to whom poetry naturally adheres. Now Arden has raised up Musgrave in terms of public crisis. Some people have protested the madness of Musgrave, wanting to lock him in a privy and to deny his 'public' seriousness. Yet madness, when it is nor-nor-west, is one of the heroic conditions and, anyway, madness is probably the only cart or aeroplane for heroics in the contemporary, ambiguous style. In his techniques, too, Arden is interesting. He obeys Mr Eliot, mounting gradually to his moments of poetry, so that when his characters come to declaim or sing, they do so naturally, inevitably and with truth. They walk into song as one might walk out of a lift; the ground is level, although the floor is, as it were, above the ceiling.

While Beckett alone has the language, invention and the unremitting discipline to sustain poetry for the length of a play, in Harold Pinter there is a mood, a pervasion of poetry, that is not unlike the sitting-round in Chekhov. Certainly, Pinter's devices are of a marvellous kind. A phrase – 'If only I could get down to Sidcup' – hangs about long after it is said, is restated and revisited, until it serves as a continuo that reverberates through the rest. Yet Pinter's language only occasionally functions as poetry.

The theatre today is stronger in conviction and richer in poetry than it has been for many years. It is impossible now not to recognise Pinter and foolish not to regard Arden for the great talents they have. (By the way, John Whiting's new play, *The Devils*, is in the Stratford-Aldwych programme.) For however vital and convinced the sociological drama may be, no matter how many barriers it has broken down or barricades put up, how necessary its exposures or how deep its 'commitment' – it is by our poetry we are seen. For the theatre without poetry, its oxygen, would die.

There is no dying in the small sad romp at Wyndham's. *Chin Chin* belongs apparently to the boulevard comedy convention that relies on speed and shift, sex, wit and slap for its superficial effects. But below these titillations, *Chin Chin* has a sort of wrestling with life that denies its own convention – anguish is not what the French bourgeois like to smoke after dinner. The theme is the eternal triangle squared: an Englishwoman and an Italian come together across the gulfs in their marriage beds, his wife has gone with her husband. They talk, first over tea, at long distance; then, by pulls at the whisky bottle, the lines shorten; they go through nights of blear, scattering their responsibilities, until, with the curtain falling, they hop away innocently as robins. But where? To what alcoholic Eden? *Chin Chin* has, I imagine,

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crumbled in its adaptation. Much of its comedy and blatancy depends on a Frenchman's idea of an Englishwoman, a convulsion that an English audience cannot be expected to share. So the Italian's cry 'I am choked to death in an English fog' passes uncaught. This is not the fault of the adapter, Willis Hall – we do not yet have a channel tunnel. But *Chin Chin*, a fable of loneliness, is still a play to be seen; its acting, by Celia Johnson and Anthony Quayle (his Italian is in the proper de Filippo style) is superb. Sean Kenny changes mood with place in 11 sets; and if you are, as I am, a follower of Mr Kenny these 11 sets are a parade not to be missed.

Mr Acker Requests

FRANCIS NEWTON

The world of jazz knows no more extraordinary phenomenon than the 'New Orleans Revival' which is at present, as usual, astonishing all observers by yet another – as usual unpredicted – surge of popularity. Other forms of jazz have had their ups and downs. 'Trad' music has advanced steadily and inexorably from the days when the first fanatical young men in the mid-Forties left their 78 rpm records, grey with innumerable playings, to reproduce on their own instruments the *exact* sound made by King Oliver or the Bunk Johnson band of 1923. Their driving-force was a fiery concern for the purity of the jazz gospel, threatened by such things as the schismatic, but not actually heretical, introduction of pianos, and the unforgivable intrusion of saxophones into the hallowed line-up of trumpet, trombone, clarinet, banjo (or at an extreme pinch, guitar), bass and drums. They looked on 'commercialism' with a deep loathing. The paradox is that in 1960 trad jazz is not merely by far the most lucrative part of the jazz business, but the only part which has genuinely, at least in Britain, broken into the mass market. The vogue for it at present is such that some very hard-headed operators can today seriously consider it as a possible successor to the rock-and-roll vogue, which is at last, thank God, fading away. Nor is this implausible. Trad jazz has already once provided a short-lived universal music: skiffle.

In spite of its rigorous loyalty to New Orleans, trad is a purely British music. The children and juveniles who are its exclusive public may know who Louis Armstrong is – a traitor, by the way, according to really purist standards – but it is doubtful whether they ever listen to a single record or musician who actually comes from New Orleans. Their heroes are Mr Acker Bilk and his Paramount Jazz Band, who have now spurted ahead of the former champion, Chris Barber. (Humphrey Lyttelton was the man for a long time, until he defected to the saxophones.) Both Messrs Barber (a former draughtsman from London) and Bilk (a former blacksmith from Somerset) are in the apostolic succession. That is to say, they originally began with the band of the most dedicated and uncompromising of all the revivalists, Mr Ken Colyer, who still preaches the true gospel to a group of the faithful in Great Newport Street. Both shared the experiences of the typical trad band: world youth festivals and engagements in German beer-cellars. Both are the envy of the 45 different trad bands who are playing this week somewhere in the London area. Neither makes serious concessions to commercialism in his music. In spite of appearances (Mr Bilk's men, aided by the dazzlingly brilliant publicity of Mr Peter Leslie, operate in Edwardian masher's costume), even the Bilk band plays straightforward neo-New-Orleans stuff, no better or worse than anybody else's.

What accounts for this extraordinary phenomenon? First, dancing. Trad jazz is indestructible because it is today the basic dance-music of British juveniles. Second, enjoyment. Trad jazz is simple, tuneful, rhythmical, and full of *joie de vivre*. Both musicians and public are supposed to 'have a ball', a term which has also acquired a secondary and more plainly sexual meaning. Thirdly, irreverence, except perhaps towards the really serious truths of the blues, which has always been closely attached (in defiance of historical reality) to revivalist jazz. It is surely no accident that the most successful of today's bands is also the one which makes most open fun of tradition, of pompousness and history, while simultaneously implying the moral certainties of an older, stabler, epoch. For stability is also something that even the least intellectual trad fan – and they can be *very* unintellectual – seeks, by insisting on a strict adhesion to revivalist protocol. 'My kids', says a prominent provincial band-booker, 'would walk out of a hall if they saw a saxophone'. And trad jazz *is* unchanging; probably more unchanging than any single form of popular entertainment has been over the last 15 years. It plays the same tunes, over and over again, and anyone who does not play them in quite the same way is out. The most original and inventive bands are also, on balance, the least successful.

Faced with this simple life-enhancing music, the critic abdicates. What is the point of saying, once again, that the musical limitations of trad jazz are only exceeded by the defiant amateurishness of many of its musicians; that its historic pretensions are laughable, its champions uncritical, and that it has never produced any record worth listening to more than a couple of times? Or that, after 100 performances of the *Tin Roof Blues*, enough is enough? Trad jazz has been and is a good thing, both socially and, through the impetus it has given to the interest in folk-music, culturally. It is on the side of life against death. It has even succeeded in surviving at least one attempt by the businessmen to cash in on it, and it may quite possibly survive the present plans to marry it with what remains of rock-and-roll. And if we get bored with it, we don't, after all, have to listen to it.

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PHILIP CALLOW

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JOHN COLEMAN, *THE SPECTATOR

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HEINEMANN

French Rain

ANNABEL FARJEON

Zizi Jeanmaire was a ballet dancer. She is now a chanteuse. This change appears to have come about quite easily and there seems no reason why she should not ultimately turn into an actress, if she once gets beyond the *gamin* stage, for she is versatile and talented. It may also be that Mlle Jeanmaire is still a ballet dancer, but Roland Petit's new ballet, *Rain*, based on Maugham's story, gave her no chance to prove it in the curious programme in which she is starring at the Royalty. The scenario of the ballet is symptomatic of its badness. Rain is falling in the tropics. A minister tries to throw a prostitute out of town and, in the process, is seduced by her. There is some particular attraction for modern choreographers in this situation: it keeps on cropping up. The priest, overwhelmed by lust, goes with a whore. We always see him coming out of the room, metaphorically doing up his fly buttons, degraded, sullied. Somehow this does not give me the kick it is meant to; but then the choreography I have seen has always been pretty weak, and M. Petit's slinking whore and sliding minister are no exception.

The rest of the programme is a kind of revue. It is like a parcel of nice things badly packed, so that the goods are all crushed and bulging. Most of the numbers are played in matt, black tights and jerkins, which gives a St Germain tone that is pleasantly informal, but, after a bit, a little depressing. Les Trois Horaces are charming clowns, with blue-white triangular faces. They are downhearted creatures, rather like circus dogs putting on a brave front; though their deft antics have a wit and originality, which is more than can be said for bow-wows. There is Michael Legrand and his orchestra, playing jazz interludes stylishly, but often so loud that I found it difficult to do anything but block my ears. And, finally, there is Zizi herself singing with great verve in a fine husky voice, holding her audience as only a professional artist with a strong personality can. She is cunningly confident and yet not confident. She keeps our attention with the strength of her conceit, but at the same time attracts sympathy because of her nervousness: a controlled nervousness that takes away from the harshness of her personality and makes her human. As a singer she has not yet the ability to relax that she showed as a dancer. She is straining to be sexy too hard. But she can create a climax in a song, can fascinate with her smile, her legs or a pyramid of osprey feathers attached to her behind. This show has good material but, as I said, needs repacking by someone who knows what shape it ought to be.

Correspondence

SITUATION DESPERATE

SIR, – I am concerned that the article in last week's NEW STATESMAN may increase racial tension in the whole area of West London. Already the NEW STATESMAN is advertised in Paddington by the poster 'Notting Hill: Situation Desperate'. This type of publicity undoes months of constructive work of integration.

Notting Hill has long been a noted criminal area. Yet this article concentrated so largely on new West Indian criminal behaviour with only passing references to European misbehaviour. The author's examples of racketeers include two coloured landlords, but he must know that it is widely believed that the most notorious landlord in the area is a European immigrant.

The author's suggestion that the LCC or the Borough Council should take over a block, or a few houses, though in itself desirable, would not have any measurable effect on the total situation. The size of the problem is beyond this.

The repudiation of the idea of an 'all negro colony' by its wording only encourages the idea. The St Stephens Gardens Tenants' Association has encouraged the participation of the West Indian in the actual work of the Association thus gaining their confidence. This working together is most valuable in building up solidarity between the races against the racketeers.

The publication of an article dealing mainly with one facet of a vast and complex social problem can contribute little to the solution and may provide allegedly authoritative material for future prejudice and discrimination.

SOCIAL WORKER

[We published 'Situation Desperate' after careful thought and knowing that extracts might be quoted out of context by racialists. But the author emphasised that bad whites and bad blacks are *both* to blame. The only hope of effective action in an ugly situation of this kind is for public opinion to be compelled to face the whole truth. – Ed., *NS*.]

LADY CHATTERLEY'S TRIUMPH

SIR, – Among other things, the Lady Chatterley verdict provides evidence that, at last, a new and more wholesome morality of sex is emerging in society. This needs stressing as the Church, the official guardian of our morals, seems quite unaware that this is what is happening; it sees the decline of traditional inhibitions as a loss of absolute values and overlooks the new growth.

The emerging principles of the new morality are becoming clearer: a reverence for the body, every cell and organ of it; a delight in the uses of the body and mind; a belief in a rich sex life as a personal fulfilment and a bond of union between man and woman; a sensitive regard for others; the full acceptance of responsibility for how our actions affect others; and an abiding self-respect. Such principles combine freedom with control and contrast sharply with the combination of taboo, sentimentality and furtive prudery that has served as sex morality in the past and has given rise to endless deviousness, misery and shame.

Research shows that marriages break down by the thousand because the new morality is not informing the relationship. On the other hand, relationships in which the new principles are manifestly sustained can, and do, exist outside marriage. Hence the puzzlement of the Church, which has one foot in the old morality and one in the new and is slow to grasp that the new principles are the only principles that can ensure an enduring relationship.

What, the Church is plainly beginning to wonder, would happen to marriage if the old morality is replaced by the new? It need not worry. The young want to get married, and to make a success of their marriages. The obstacle in the way of achieving this is not the decay of old taboos but lack of a clear, positive sex morality which they can accept as a means of self-guidance through the confusions surrounding them today.

JAMES HEMMING

31 Broom Water
Teddington

SIR, – In our current cultural milieu, with its tincture of vulgarity upon the idea of sex, there is no doubt that some element of pornography and obscenity will attach itself to the issue of large editions of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.

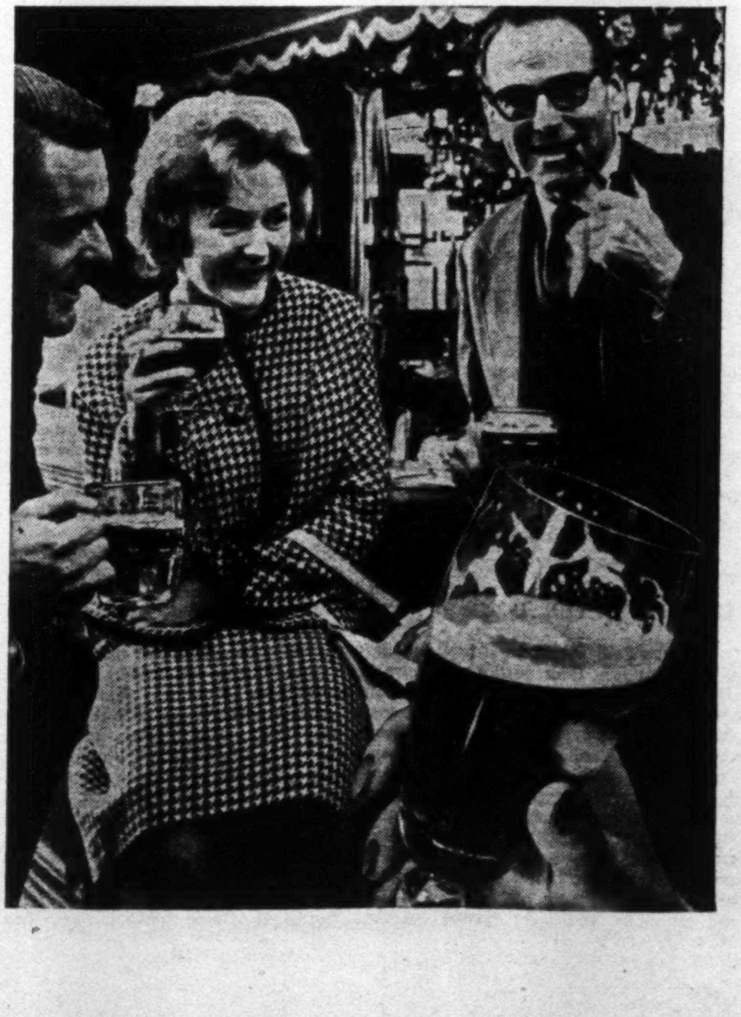
As the book would appear to be written in consciously polemical form, is there any reason why Lawrence's own pamphlet *Pornography and So On* should not be published as a preface to the popular editions, providing ballast and meaning, as Shaw's preface did for his plays?

Y. LUDLOW

Chellaston
Derby

THE LABOUR CRISIS

SIR, – So all Mr Christopher Mayhew's brave liberal talk about the supreme need for ensuring that MPs can speak and vote in the House of Commons according to their conscience, judgment and election pledges is gone for a burton. In his letter last week he denies the right of an MP to exercise these rights in cases where *the conference and the parliamentary party agree* (his italics) – a strange doctrine to be enunciated by somebody who is at the moment insisting on his right to disagree with the conference. It is notable that Mr Mayhew makes no attempt whatever to answer my questions why he and his friends have so persistently denied to others the rights they claim for themselves. However, we must be grateful for the mercy that we may



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no further have to listen to Mr Mayhew prating about his conscience. The word does not slip easily from his lips. Aneurin Bevan had a conscience but Mr Mayhew and his friends did their best to expel him from the party for using it.

I can't understand why Mr Mayhew finds the term 'Mr Mayhew and his friends' opprobrious. It seemed to me the most polite way of saying that some people do agree with him in his illiberal theories.

MICHAEL FOOT

222 The Strand
WC2

PERMANENT RED

SIR, – The reviewer of Mr Berger's new book in a recent issue, Mr Alasdair MacIntyre, is, I believe, a philosopher, but logic is not his strong point. The power of Mr Berger's book, we are told, lies both in the truth of his thesis and in his untiring particularity. I agree about the particularity. Mr Berger is a sensitive critic when he forgets his thesis. But that thesis has long been discredited everywhere except in some lingering outposts of doctrinaire Communism. 'Mr Berger refuses to define realism in abstract terms.' Of course he does, for any definition would reveal the opportunist nature of his interpretation of the term. We gather from Mr MacIntyre's review that what distinguishes the lonely realist painter is some 'precise hopeful reference to the objective world.' The word 'hopeful' gives the whole thesis away. It is not required of a realist to be hopeful or unhopeful, but only truthful.

Mr Berger should not be 'written off' as a Marxist. Marx was truthful, and in the *Critique of Political Economy* admitted that great art (by exception) represents absolute values independent of the philosophical and political conventions of any particular historical society. Bergerism is a post-Marxian heresy.

I am always reluctant to quarrel with John Berger. 'The main sickness', Stephen Spender has said, 'is the imbecility of opposing ideological arguments which do not permit men to be humble with one another.' I would like to be humble with Mr Berger, but he insists on being ideological.

HERBERT READ

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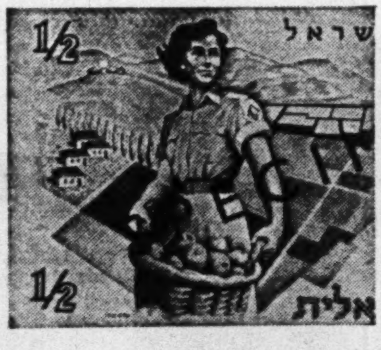
'THE RIFLE THAT NEVER WAS'

SIR, – As a member of the advisory committee who determined the picture on the Israel banknotes, I was very surprised to read in Gillian Tindal's article 'The Kibbutz Girl', 'that many Israel banknotes carry a picture of a buxom girl soldier, standing with a rifle against a hilly but cultivated landscape.'

I am enclosing herewith a specimen of the Israel Half-Pound note, the only note ever issued on which a woman is pictured, and you will easily see that the (buxom?) girl soldier holds, with both hands, a basket filled with oranges, but neither in her hand, nor elsewhere, a rifle. Could it be that the addition of a rifle – that never was – to the girl depicted on the banknote, is somewhat symbolic of the entire 'Kibbutz Girl' drawn by your correspondent?



LEO KADMAN

Tel-Aviv

LLOYD GEORGE AFTER 1922

SIR, – In a recent issue Paul Johnson did justice to Curzon but far less than justice to Lloyd George. He refers to 'the curious collapse in his public energy after his downfall in 1922 and his tragic failure to make a political come-back.' This is an astonishing verdict. That Lloyd George failed to make a political come-back is, unfortunately, true. But the suggestion that this was due to a collapse in his public energy would be contradicted by everyone who remembers him between the wars.

From 1924 until 1931 he was Liberal leader in the House of Commons. His speeches during that period, and especially while the second Labour government was in office, showed no falling off whatsoever. Nor did his judgment deteriorate. He was almost the only political leader to criticize the return to the gold standard and he alone among the Liberals attacked the Baldwin government for their handling of the General Strike. But what some of us chiefly remember are the programmes he initiated and the manner in which he campaigned for them. If his ideas had prevailed the British economy would have been transformed. Mineral royalties would have been acquired for the nation in the middle Twenties. The land of Britain, or a large part of it, would have passed into public ownership. The slums would have been cleared. Britain would have been equipped with a modern system of highways. The tragedy of chronic mass unemployment and of the distressed areas would in large part have been avoided.

Lloyd George did not succeed in bringing the Liberals back to power. But none of his followers will ever forget the general election of 1929 ('We Can Conquer Unemployment'). He did not become the effective leader until Lord Oxford's retirement in 1927 and by that time the Liberals, weakened by years of internal feuding, had too much leeway to make up. Nevertheless, he succeeded in adding a million votes to the Liberal poll. It was a personal achievement.

I myself was privileged to hear almost all his parliamentary speeches from 1931 to 1940. There are three occasions which I particularly remember. The first was when he flayed the Baldwin government for their betrayal of Abyssinia. The second was in May, 1939, when he pointed out the futility of the British guarantee to Poland if Soviet co-operation were not assured. Finally, there was his last devastating intervention in the Norway debate. Up to 1940 he remained, even in isolation, the most dynamic figure in British politics.

DINGLE FOOT

House of Commons

THE END OF INSOLENCE

SIR, – I am not so daft as to rush into fool/angel territory like the Volkswagen country without doing some homework first – I wish one could say the same for Alan Clark. Actually, if he had stuck to defending the VW, I should have had to concede him some part of most of his points. The suspension is better now, but still not cured (the *Motor* recently found it necessary to describe again the tail-heavy behaviour of the 1960 model). Its price alone does not any longer account for its sales (I never said the Design Establishment did, either) but the price does help to support a fabulous after-sales service, which Mr Clark might have mentioned, and about which I owe VW an apology. Particularly in the far-flung territories inhabited by the various Jack-London-type buyers mentioned by Mr Clark, that service, plus the sort of rough-country performance one would expect from a vehicle conceived originally as a *Wehrmacht* transport, gives the VW a real edge on the market. About the petrol consumption and quality of assembly I have private reservations, but even so, I can go some way with the Clark thesis on VW.

Not on the compacts though. I went away and did some more homework after reading his letter, and find myself neither bloody nor bowed. Corvair sales were not good, but Corvair is not the only non-insolent car on the US market: in fact, about *two million* compacts and near-compacts have been sold in the last trading year. The Pontiac transmission is radical; what Mr Clark means is *gearbox*, and the fact that the gearbox is 'somewhere else' means that the rest of the transmission has *had* to be radically revised. The hidden changes, that he claims to be non-existent, include cross-flow radiators, inclined engines (both necessitated by styling demands) and unitised body-chassis construction (partly necessitated by styling). Finally, the Corvair with its engine at the back does *not* use the same body shell as the front-engined GM compacts – I rechecked. But if Mr Clark thinks it does, then either he hasn't been attending closely enough to the product under discussion – or Detroit has produced exactly the kind of consumer fuddle I was suggesting.

One last point. The bit about Wolfsburg recognising 'no responsibility except to its own workers' was put in as a men/boys separator, and seems to have worked. Mr Clark appears to recognise even now only two parties to whom responsibility might be directed, and ignores the crucial third, the user. VW, like GM, BMC and practically everybody else in the western world is in a morally unsound position in not putting responsibility to the user above all other responsibilities. To repeat a slogan of Moholy-Nagy's that ought to be displayed in all places where designing is done, taught or discussed, 'Man, not the product, is the end in view' and the man at the head of the queue is the user.

REYNER BANHAM

EVERT LUNDQUIST

SIR, – In his notice of Evert Lundquist's exhibition Keith Sutton throws out a number of obscure suggestions which call for comment. What he seems to be saying is that Lundquist's recognition here is overdue; that 'many artists' have borrowed from him; and that he makes 'most artists who work *à la Bomberg* look like a lot of softies.'

It is certainly not the painters who end up looking like softies: As Mr Sutton well knows that the only English painters who have been familiar with Lundquist's work for more than a few weeks are certain ex-pupils of Bomberg who have visited Sweden, I suppose that he means they have borrowed from him and 'therefore' look like softies. The story of Lundquist's arrival here is as follows: in 1952 Cilff Holden, Dorothy Mead, Denis Creffield and Peter Richmond were invited to show in Sweden. When their work was seen, Swedish critics compared it with Lundquist, of whom they had not then heard. A few days later they met Lundquist and saw his painting. Both sides realised that they had been working on an analogous, though certainly not identical, direction; and naturally the contact was fruitful, as any unexpected confirmation of an isolated position is fruitful.

If Mr Sutton is sincere in his remarks that Lundquist's recognition here is 'embarrassingly overdue', he must surely agree that it is both cruel and unwarranted to throw out unsubstantiated criticisms of the very people responsible for securing that recognition. The fact is that it is entirely due to Cliff Holden that there is a picture by Lundquist in the Tate and that the way was opened for him for an exhibition at the Beaux Arts Gallery. There is a considerable irony in a situation in which Lundquist, with whom Holden was compared in Sweden eight years ago, is a success in London, while Holden himself is unable to show his own pictures in London at all, and that on top of this he should be reproached, however indirectly, in a notice of Lundquist's work.

ANDREW FORGE

25 Montpelier Row
SE3

EDMOND KAPP

SIR, – Invited by the Whitechapel Art Gallery to hold a 50-year Retrospective Exhibition there in May-June 1961, I find myself greatly handicapped in my attempts to trace early work. Two wars, with their consequent deaths, destructions, disruptions and dispersals, have made the task exceptionally difficult. I have kept a careful record of the destinations of all my paintings and drawings since 1947; I should be very grateful to any reader who could give me information leading to the discovery of such work of mine made in the earlier decades. All replies to me, c/o Miss Helen Kapp, Director, City Art Gallery, Wakefield, Yorks, will be thankfully acknowledged.

EDMOND KAPP

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CHILDREN'S BOOKS – I

The Child and the Book

ANTHONY STORR

> All day long the boy stood at the window, looking over the sea by which the princess must travel; but there were no signs of her. And, as he stood, soldiers came and laid hands on him, and led him up to the cask, where a big fire was blazing, and the horrid black pitch boiling and bubbling over the sides. He looked and shuddered, but there was no escape; so he shut his eyes to avoid seeing.
>
> Suddenly, some men were seen running with all their might, crying as they went that a large ship with its sails spread was making straight for the city. No one knew what the ship was or whence it came; but the king declared that he would not have the boy burned before its arrival.

At this point in the story the five-year-old girl burst into tears. Her mother put down Andrew Lang's *Brown Fairy Book* and hastened to comfort her.

'Don't cry. The boy was quite all right. He didn't get thrown into the cask of pitch. He was saved.'

'But I *wanted* him to be thrown into the cask of pitch,' sobbed the little girl, unable to tolerate the disappointment of finding that this exciting threat was not, after all, to be put into practice.

This true story may serve to demonstrate that the effects of a book upon a child are not always easy to predict; but, unfortunately, most of our knowledge remains at this anecdotal level, and there are, so far as I can discover, no large-scale studies of the effects of literature upon children comparable with the recent survey of the effects of television.

Parents, librarians and educators often express alarm at what their children read. They are generally concerned, firstly, that the child shall not be made frightened or unhappy; secondly, that it shall not be prematurely sexually aroused; and thirdly, that it shall not be encouraged to behave in aggressive or delinquent ways. At the back of the adults' anxiety is usually the belief that children are innocent little creatures who must not have unpleasant ideas put into their heads; a belief which should have been, but is not yet, dispelled by psycho-analytic research. There is, of course, much to be said for not frightening children – although we all enjoy being frightened a little: and no one wants a child to be made miserable – although the shedding of a sentimental tear may be a pleasurable release. Sexual excitation can, in certain instances, be premature, and create problems for the child whose ego is not yet strong enough to deal with it; and delinquent behaviour is certainly not to be encouraged. But it is extremely doubtful whether books in themselves ever cause any of the dreadful effects upon children which are attributed to them by anxious adults.

Many people will remember the publicity given to horror comics a few years ago; and some will have read Dr Wertham's book *Seduction of the Innocent*. This verbose and emotional work tells us more about Dr Wertham's reaction to horror comics than about that of the children who read them; and, although he blames horror comics for almost every psychological disturbance from fetishism to theft, his claims remain unsubstantiated.

I think they are likely to remain so. The fundamental objection to horror comics is not the themes with which they deal, but the crude and vulgar way in which these themes are presented. There is no convincing evidence that horror comics corrupt, and little to be found in them which cannot be met with in earlier publications. The adventures of Jack Harkaway, for instance, contain a description of the torture of a girl with red hot stones, and of the gradual eating of a man alive: and for the last 30 years of the Victorian era Jack Harkaway was a best-selling hero. Are we to suppose that our grandfathers often indulged themselves in such activities as a result of this boyhood reading? The Victorians, though more prudish about other aspects of sexuality, seem to have been less disturbed by sadistic themes than we are today. *The Mikado* and *The Yeomen of the Guard* are generally considered suitable entertainments for children; but in both W. S. Gilbert outspokenly reveals his preoccupation with torture, and some of the short stories of Conan Doyle disclose a similar interest. It seems that adults who are alarmed by comics must feel that illustrations are more potent for harm than the spoken or written word.

Why is it that the stories which children enjoy are so often full of horrors? We know that, from the very beginning of life, the child possesses an inner world of phantasy; and the phantasies of the child mind are by no means the pretty stories with which the prolific Miss Blyton regales us. They are both richer and more primitive, and the driving forces behind them are those of sexuality and the aggressive urge to power; the forces which ultimately determine the emergence of the individual as a separate entity. For, in the long process of development, the child has two main tasks to perform if he is to reach maturity. He has to prove his strength, and he has to win a mate; and in order to do this he has to overcome the obstacles of his infantile dependency upon, and his infantile erotic attachment to, his parents. That the erotic strand in fairy tales is less obvious than the aggressive is partly due to bowdlerisation and partly to the fact that the sexual component is in childish, pregenital form. The typical fairy story ends with the winning of the princess, just as the typical Victorian novel ends with the marriage. It is only at this point that adult sexuality begins; and it is for this reason that books like *Lady Chatterley's Lover* which describe the sexual behaviour of adults are of little interest to children. It is not surprising that fairy stories should be both erotic and violent, or that they should appeal so powerfully to children. For the archetypal themes with which they deal mirror the contents of the childish psyche; and the same unconscious source gives origin to both the fairy-tale and the phantasy life of the child.

Reading which produces an emotional effect rather than conveying information does not put things into the mind, but rather objectifies contents which are already present. If this were not so, we should be unable to react emotionally to a book at all. There has to be a lock within us which the key of the book can fit, and, if it does not fit, the book is meaningless to us. The high value which we give to the artist or writer who pleases us is a tribute not so much to his power of invention as to his skill in objectifying the contents of our own minds; especially those contents which are only partially conscious, and thus unformulated. The thrill is one of recognition; and if there is no recognition there is no thrill, but only the cold admiration which we accord to some figure who achieves greatness in a field which is incomprehensible to us.

If children have heads full of phantasies of a violent and erotic kind, and if their delight in fairy-tales and the like is due to the thrill of recognition, why is it that they do not act upon their phantasies, and is there not a risk that books might encourage them to do so?

A disturbed child who behaves in a delinquent way will sometimes say that he got the idea from a book; which is one way of disowning responsibility. But it is only the child who is already emotionally disturbed who will act out his phantasies. If this were not so, we should all have strangled our brothers and sisters, slept with our mothers, castrated our fathers, and reduced to pulp all those who in any way opposed us. As a distinguished child-analyst has put it, the individual 'is engaged in the perpetual human task of keeping inner and outer reality separate yet inter-related.' The normal child can do this; but in the disturbed child, as in the psychotic adult, the two worlds may be confused, so that phantasies are acted upon, and parents actually stolen from or pushed over cliffs. But I am sure that no book ever pulled the trigger of any gun but that upon which a finger was already quivering. Ultimately, what keeps us sane and makes us behave in a relatively civilised manner is our relationship with other people.

It is obviously quite hopeless to try and impose any kind of censorship upon children's reading, even if it were desirable to do so. If the normal child were as susceptible to the effects of literature as parents sometimes fear, we should have to proscribe reading altogether. A man told me that his masochistic interest in male slavery had been stimulated in childhood by pictures of the building of the Pyramids. Are we to ban history books on this account? Many people recall that, in early youth, they searched the pages of Leviticus for sexual information, and puzzled over the mysterious sin of Onan. Should the Bible be withdrawn from all respectable households? Of course children may be sexually stimulated by their reading – just as adults are – but only when their development has reached a stage where they will look for something in a book which reflects the desires already half-formulated within them. And this they will certainly find somewhere, whatever censorship is attempted; or, if their search fails, they may write their own erotica.

It is probably reassuring for most children to read the violent tales in which they delight. We all like the comfort of finding that someone else feels as we do ourselves; nor need we be alarmed that the literature of childhood is likely to turn a child into a delinquent. For, as Gibbon remarks, 'the power of instruction is seldom of much efficacy, except in those happy dispositions where it is largely superfluous.'

But although books cannot be blamed for causing either delinquency or neurosis, they do, of course, have their emotional effect: and it is probable that many adults can recall one book or one scene from a book which in childhood touched them particularly. Such scenes often stay in the mind for years, and may, like a Proustian *madeleine*, be more potent in evoking the memory of what it felt like to be a child than the deliberate recollection of any actual external circumstance. My guess would be that such scenes in some way reflect a psychological situation within the child unrecognised by it at the time.

It would be interesting to know what situations the readers of this journal found the most frightening, the most saddening, or the most exciting of all those of which they read before reaching the age of 12. If they would care to write and give this information, their anonymity would be preserved; and, if sufficient replies were obtained, the results could be reviewed in a subsequent article.

Verse and Water

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Such drawings might be appropriate if this book was intended for infants, of all ages, who studied such verse as:

> 'Tis time that they awoke us
> Said the primrose to the crocus,

Since the 'young people' it is intended for are apparently capable of Yeats's 'Lapis Lazuli,' T. S. Eliot's *Four Quartets* and the *Cantos* of Ezra Pound (there are quotations from all these works) the unsuitability of such whimsy leaves one gasping.

Unfortunately much of the comment is of the same quality. Children may be born with a fear of loud noises, falls and possibly snakes; they have no innate conception of poets or poetry. This they derive from adults, and Miss Jennings tries to show that the art is wholesome as an oat-cake. 'To be a poet,' we are told, 'is a very healthy thing – healthy for yourself, in that it helps to give you a true knowledge of your own feelings and thoughts, and healthy for others . . .' Caring not a rap for such great wounded physicians as Baudelaire, Rimbaud or Dylan Thomas, she informs us that 'the best poets have usually been the most practical and therefore the most sane people. One cannot work well in an office, a bank, or a business firm if one is totally unreliable.' One can, however, have a damn good try. Miss Jennings's image of the poet as sober artisan in a welfare state is as inaccurate as the poet as Dionysian; it is also very dull. As an antidote I recommend George Barker's, 'You stew in your own juice, the poet boils in his own poison.' Inaccurate, too, but it removes the sweet taste.

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BODLEY HEAD CHRISTMAS BOOKS

FOR

CHILDREN AND

YOUNG PEOPLE

Heroes of Greece and Troy by Roger Lancelyn Green, illustrated by Heather Copley and Christopher Chamberlain. The Heroic Age of Greece retold as the continuous whole the Greeks believed it to be. 21s

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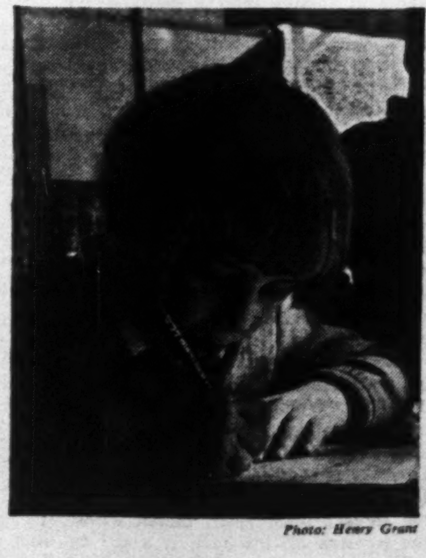

Photo: Henry Grant

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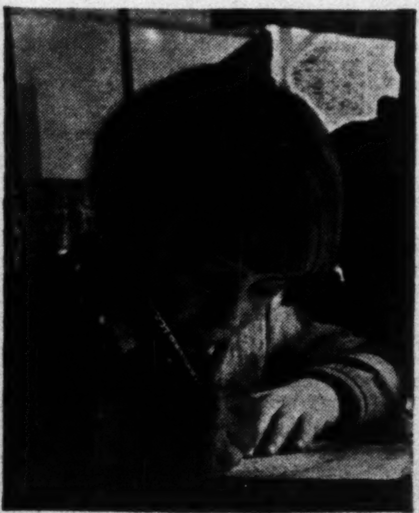

Photo: Henry Grant

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Odhams New Children's Books

Life and its Marvels

The latest volume in the Colourama series presents a fascinating factual study of biology, with full-colour drawings facing pages of lucid text. 192 pages, 90 in full colour. **30s.**

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A gay, pictorial book of nature studies for young children, with simple text, and over 130 water-colour drawings by Elizabeth Ivanovsky. **10s. 6d.**

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MAURICE BURTON, D.SC., F.R.S.A., F.Z.S.

An absorbing pictorial tour of wild life of the world, with clear text and over 130 water-colour drawings by Maurice Parent. *November 21.* **10s. 6d.**

Stirring Stories for Boys

Adventure round the world — in nineteen action-packed stories by outstanding writers, including Captain W. E. Johns, Geoffrey Williamson and C. S. Forester. Illustrated with line drawings. **9s. 6d.**

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Twenty-two exciting stories for every taste, by popular authors including Kathleen Fidler, Elisabeth Kyle and Magdalen King-Hall. Illustrated with line drawings. **9s. 6d.**

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Brilliant, delicate drawings add enchantment to these stories of Eastern marvels. Each book is exquisitely illustrated in full colour on nearly every opening, with full-colour covers and acetate jacket. **Each 21s.**

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The greatest story in the world, simply retold and dramatically illustrated with photographs—nearly 250 in black-and-white, and 8 full-colour plates. *November 21.* **21s.**

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A new series for young children, brilliantly illustrated in full colour on every page and simply told. The first six titles are: *The Ugly Duckling, Cinderella, Snow-White, The Little Tin Soldier, The Sleeping Beauty, Hansel and Gretel. November 21.* **6s. Each**

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Praised by children, parents and teachers alike, this ever-popular volume that teaches through pictures is again available. Lively text is interwoven with over 2,500 pictures, half of them in colour. **27s. 6d.**

The Boys' Book of Things to Make and Do

A wide variety of absorbing and constructive activities, both indoor and outdoor, for boys of 12 to 16, with illustrations on nearly every page, including many photographs. **12s. 6d.**

The Boys' and Girls' Encyclopaedia in Full Colour

An absorbing new way for children of 5 to 9 years old to learn about other peoples and places, with the friendly little boy and girl in these pages. Colour-illustrated throughout. **10s. 6d.**

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selected and retold by Amabel Williams-Ellis

illustrated by Fritz Wegner

Amabel Williams-Ellis has retold with her customary skill and fluency her own selection from the Grimm brothers' world-famous stories. *18s net*

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A wonderful collection of tales and legends, some old favourites and some which will be new to most children. *18s net*

EXPLOITS OF DON QUIXOTE

retold by James Reeves

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The Spanish knight rides through his adventures in a beautifully illustrated edition. *17s 6d net*

THE HAPPY ORPHELINE

Natalie Savage Carlson

illustrated by Pearl Falconer

The story of Brigitte, an orpheline, who wants to escape adoption. The drawings by Pearl Falconer, have all the life of the story. *10s 6d net*

MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES WITH MUSIC

illustrated by Esmé Eve

music arranged by Alfred Woulds

For real enjoyment, nursery rhymes should be sung, hummed, or whistled. This is your book, with lively pictures and simple arrangement of music for the piano. *12s 6d net*

THE SILVER THIMBLE STORY BOOK

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This is the book for every nursery with its lavish and full colour illustrations for six of the traditional tales. *12s 6d net*

THE BOAT IN THE REEDS

A. C. Stewart

illustrated by Christopher Brooker

The old boat was broken and unseaworthy but the symbol of Ian's hunger for adventure. A memorable story. *10s 6d net*

I WISH, I WISH

written and illustrated by Lisl Weil

In the old world city of Florence lives a little girl with a secret wish. Francesca whispers her wish to herself as she helps her mother weave baskets in the narrow street where they live . . . An enchanting picture story. *12s 6d net*

THE COPPER NAIL

C. J. Lambert

illustrated by Christopher Brooker

A true story from the Atacama desert in Chile — a success story that is satisfying and true to life against this pitiless background. *11s 6d net*

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Reign by Reign

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English history in text and 42 pages of four-colour illustrations by A. and G. Harper.

21/-

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Grandmother's Journey

Just published 12/6

The Spettecake Holiday

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both illustrated

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Tomahawk and the River of Gold

both illustrated

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MICHAEL JOSEPH

modest pleasures and political passions as well as its moral severity.

The Far Frontier by William O. Steele – also American – is similarly less concerned with class than with that well known moral preoccupation of authors – the goodness of book-learning. A boy from Kentucky backwoods, in the 1780's, is 'bound-out' to an absent-minded naturalist. They go to the woods; Tobias hunts, cooks and is bitten by a rattlesnake; the physically despised Mr Twentyman looks for beetles and ancient fortifications, salves and educates Tobias. The book has folksy vocabulary and charm; it is mercifully free from blood and violence.

C. S. BENNETT

Starry-Eyed?

The Book of the Atom. By LEONARD DE VRIES. *Murray.* 15*s.*

Atomic Energy for All. By ROBERT CHAPMAN. *Odhams.* 18*s.*

Hovercraft. By ANGELA CROOME. *Brockhampton.* 15*s.*

The Young Scientist. Edited by W. ABBOTT. *Chatto & Windus.* 16*s.*

The Sea around Us. By RACHEL CARSON. *Collins.* 30*s.*

First Book of Science Experiments. By ROSE WYLER. *Mayflower.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

'What are atoms like, de Vries?' 'Miniature solar systems, sir.' 'As I expected. What do electrons do in atoms, Chapman?' 'They travel in orbits, sir.'

It is now about 35 years since it was recognised that electrons cannot be said to have definite paths: not because we are not skilful enough to observe them, but because electrons simply aren't objects like that. Recent school books, aware of this but reluctant to abandon a picture which is comfortably familiar to their authors, now mention atoms like solar systems apologetically, and diagrams of them carry warnings that these are early and erroneous ideas. It is time that authors of popular books did the same or better. They can't plead that they are bound by rigid examination requirements. They can be as up-to-date as they want; and they usually are, technologically. What they should get rid of is the notion that it is helpful to compare something – the atom – of which we have no direct experience to something else – the solar system – which it isn't like and of which we have no direct experience either but which has been scientifically understood for longer.

Another thing that popularisers might remember is that *accuracy* has a meaning quite distinct from *care*. 'To what accuracy did Fermi work when designing the first atomic reactor, de Vries?' 'Infinite accuracy, sir.' 'How did he do the calculations, de Vries?' 'With a slide rule, sir.' 'What then, de Vries, is the accuracy obtainable with a slide rule?' 'Infinite, sir, I suppose.'

It is a pity to have to make these criticisms of otherwise satisfactory books. *The Book of the Atom* contains lots of facts, linked in a historical narrative, which give a good, though one-sided account of twentieth-century physics. The gap is that theory is hardly mentioned. It's no use saying that it can't be done, because Gamow's *Mr Tompkins in Wonderland*, published 20 years ago, showed that it can. *Atomic Energy for All* is for laymen rather than specifically for children; the illustrations of space men 'inside' atoms seem too unsophisticated for children old enough to read the book at all, which is again a pity, because some of the text is well-written.

Even more up to the minute is Angela Croome's well-written and illustrated *Hovercraft*. It deals with helicopters, VTOL aircraft, and with the Cockerell hovercraft and other vehicles depending on the ground-cushion effect. The explanations of the way in which these devices work are clear and correct, and the book is nice to look at.

The Young Scientist is another book suited to over 12-year-olds, and it covers a range of topics in engineering and applied physics. It consists of articles which originally appeared in *Engineering* and the *New Scientist*, mostly written by people actually concerned with the work they describe. For example, D. Keith-Lucas of Short Brothers writes on vertical take-off problems, and K. N. Hawke of Pye on stereophonic recordings. Sir Graham Savage contributes a sensible introduction on careers in science and engineering. The book is not very well got up, however. The quality of the photographs is indifferent, and the article on machine tools appears without lettering on the diagrams.

The Sea around Us is much more elegant. It has wonderful photographs and diagrams and can be counted on to entrance anyone who picks it up, from young children onwards. It is a simplified version (by Anne Terry White) of Rachel Carson's already well-known book of the same title. It deals with geological, physical, biological and meteorological aspects of the sea. The text is clear, not too qualified and not, so far as I can judge, too dogmatic. Altogether the best Christmas present in the bunch.

For children from about eight to 12 *The First Book of Science Experiments* gives instructions how to carry out some demonstrations of important facts not obvious to everyday experience. It is shown, for example, that air has weight, and that natural products can give colour changes to indicate acidity and alkalinity. None of the experiments is dangerous and all are instructive.

T. L. COTTRELL

Action Writing

The Bonny Pit Laddie. By FREDERICK GRICE. *Oxford.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Great Gale. By HESTER BURTON. *Oxford.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Captive Isle. By VERONICA ROBINSON. *Dent.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Spanish Cave. By GEOFFREY HOUSEHOLD. *Bodley Head.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Danger on Glass Island. By ALAN ROSS. *Hamish Hamilton.* 6*s.* 6*d.*

The Bonny Pit Laddie is the best piece of imaginative realism for children I've seen for years; guaranteed to go over big with any good reader of 10-plus. Frederick Grice sets his story (about 1900) of two working-class lads in a strictly recognisable-type mining village: rows of cottages in severe straight lines, ash-closets in groups of five, clay-coloured prison of a school with tall church windows, a fiery heap of burning slag encircling the colliery and that 'seemed to guard it from the rest of the world'. Disastrously poor working-conditions, a strike, victimisation, are all clearly and calmly described from within;

BOOKS for CHILDREN

The Bonny Pit Laddie

FREDERICK GRICE

Dick Ullathorne went down the pit at the age of twelve, but he decided that a miner's life was not for him.
Illustrated by *Brian Wildsmith* *12s 6d net*

The World of the Pharaohs

HANS BAUMANN

Megdi, who lives near the Pyramids, learns for himself the ancient secrets of Egypt. Illustrated with colour photographs and line drawings. *15s net*

The Roundabout by the Sea

JOHN WALSH

A collection of poems based on everyday happenings in a child's life, which are ideal for reading aloud.
Illustrated by *Christopher Brooker* *7s 6d net*

Cathedral Wednesday

WILLIAM MAYNE

Andrew finds his day-boy status brings difficulties when 'plague' strikes the Choir School.
Illustrated by C. *Walter Hodges* *10s 6d net*

Books for Children and Young People

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Collins

and Mr Grice does not waver in his description of a pit-accident, a straight and severely unsentimental account of the loss of the ponies, the temporary entombment of 200 men and boys. Brian Wildsmith's sensitive and firm drawings complement a text as pure and vivid as the Durham miner's ballad quoted at the beginning of the story:

> The bonny pit laddie, the canny pit laddie
> The bonny pit laddie for me, O.
> He sits on his cracket, and hews in his jacket,
> And brings the white siller to me, O.

Hester Burton's *The Great Gale* is based on more recent history: the east coast floods of 1953, and is the story of events in a single, imaginary Norfolk village. Miss Burton fits her jig-saw of disasters and small comedies into a coherent and unforgettable picture. What the author doesn't know about action-writing isn't worth knowing (the chapter on the loss of the Post Office-cum-General Store is a small masterpiece) and the unpromising subject of cleaning up the after-flood stink is handled with equal firmness and control. Miss Burton's villagers seem to me to fall backwards with a splash only at the approach of Royalty; and the illustrations by Joan Kiddell-Monroe add to the natural drama of a story told with distinction.

The Captive Isle, by Veronica Robinson, (same age-group: 10-plus) is set in Jersey during the Occupation: no chocolate, soap, matches; black market butter at 35s a pound; rabbits and cats locked up for safety. The central theme, in a narrative written with intelligence and sensibility, is the effect on a young girl of her family's friendship with a young German officer and musician. The tale of the arrest, deportation and final return of her father (accused of possessing a stolen German revolver and as the parent of a child caught in the act of sabotage) is continuously exciting, and there are some hair-raising drawings of the dark invaders by Geraldine Spence.

In Geoffrey Household's *The Spanish Cave* young Dick Garland, as a present-day St George, delivers the inhabitants of an Asturian fishing village from what finally looks like a three-eyed sea crocodile, a plesiosaur with 20 feet of neck, 50 feet of tub-shaped body, and a 20-foot tail. As with his skilfully convincing adult novel *Rogue Male*, Mr Household stirs up fact and fantasy with terrifying ingenuity. He fixes the reader with the hypnotic eye of an Ancient Mariner, and any grown-up who fails to finish the story (I can't imagine this) will merely have died of nerves en route. This is a classic example of a tall tale told with marvellous skill, and boys of 12-plus will take it only too joyfully in their stride.

With *Danger on Glass Island* Alan Ross succeeds brilliantly in attacking the tricky problem of writing an adventure story that boys of six or seven can read themselves. This is a simple yarn, written with an engaging freshness and a sparkling clarity, of a London boy on holiday with a Scots friend so far north that when 'they got out the map . . . and Jonathan followed his father's finger . it almost disappeared off the top'. The story, one of bluff and double-bluff with rocket-base spies and whisky-runners, is expertly managed. The print is large and eminently readable, and the illustrations by Raymond Briggs a delight. When a gurnet is mentioned, Mr Briggs draws one and labels it. To a six-year-old, a gurnet is a gurnet is a gurnet, just as a book is book – and this one is a real one.

CHARLES CAUSLEY

De Minimis

The Youngest Camel. By KAY BOYLE. *Faber*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

Seven Thieves and Seven Stars. By BARBARA IRESON. *Faber*. 8*s*. 6*d*.

The Contest at Paca. By MARC SIMONT. *Faber*. 9*s*. 6*d*.

Candy Floss. By RUMER GODDEN. *Macmillan*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

Mrs Pepperpot Again. By ALF PROYSEN. *Hutchinson*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

Paddington Helps Out. By MICHAEL BOND. *Collins*. 8*s*. 6*d*.

Special Occasions. By JANET MCNEILL. *Faber*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

Hark the Herald Angels sing, yards and yards of the same old thing, but the Unprotesting Tot thinks it's new and wolfs the Lot . . . No one would dare to give them bread and synthetic jam for all their physical meals these days, but it's all the rage for their mental sustenance. So if you have not yet got all Tove Jansen's Moomin books for your six-year-olds, all the *Borrowers* for your seven-year-olds and all C. S. Lewis's *Narnia* books for your eight-year-olds, rush out and do so before bothering with anything published this year. That is the best refuge from the spate of bogus Blyton-type 'adventure' stories brewed from an unnatural mingling of E. Nesbit with Arthur Ransome, neither truly possible nor truly fantastic, and covered with a pink treacly sauce of nostalgia.

Forgive my transports – thank goodness there is something better for the 4-6 years old. Both *Seven Thieves* and *The Youngest Camel* are really attractive, and have delightful pictures. *Seven Thieves* is a short, simple, funny Oriental tale, perhaps the more suitable of the two for the very young. But *The Youngest Camel* has a real vein of poetry.

> What about the caravan of white camels with solid gold hoofs that goes right around the earth like a belt? . . . And whenever a camel is lost anywhere in the world he has only to join the caravan of snow-white camels with gold hoofs, and in the end he's bound to pass through his own country, and find his own mother again . . .

It is a variant on the old theme of an over-confident young animal learning better, but it is a good and original one. I suppose it might frighten a very nervous child; if so he had better have *The Contest at Paca*. This is a short but successful joke about students and soldiers outwitting each other; it is full of the neat tricks which small boys enjoy so much, and beautifully illustrated.

After that, I must admit, the deluge. *Candy Floss* just deserves a mention because, though it is a most conventional doll-and-show-business story, it is well written and very well illustrated. It should be right for girls under eight. And *Mrs Pepperpot* makes a bit of a change here, thought I daresay she wouldn't in Norway (she reminds me a bit of her compatriot Pippi Longstocking). She is a sober country housewife, only she shrinks from time to time unpredictably to the size of a pepperpot, and has inconvenient adventures. These are handled in the proper poker-faced practical way, and are good for quite a lot of helpless giggles. About half the stories, however, are not about her, and they are not so good. As for *Paddington*, I must mention him; he reduced my eight-year-old research assistant to louder giggles than any of the other books, with his single dead-pan joke of the

Mrs. Pepperpot Again

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NEWNES

clumsy bear treated and trying to behave exactly as one of the family. I must say it gives you a spooky Priestley-time-play feeling to see this item come round once more, and the way bears now need names like Paddington and Mustard only shows how far things have gone. (I am planning a rather profitable series myself about some called Bathmat and Clapham Junction.) Still the syndrome obviously has important psychological roots, and Michael Bond handles it well.

What *Special Occasions* is doing in my galley I cannot imagine. It needs a special category marked: Short Stories, some suitable for nine-year-olds, some for adolescents, some really for adults. It is fantastic and a bit dotty and very intelligent. I would suggest it for a sophisticated child of 12-14, but all married persons could profit from one called 'Cutting the Lawn'. Take absolutely no notice of the awful illustrations.

MARY SCRUTTON

Animal Round-up

Not many children's books can be counted as classics. Those that are – *The Jungle Book, The Wind in the Willows, Treasure Island, Salar the Salmon* etc. – are as enjoyable for adults as for children, which argues that they have some quality, a personal vision of the world perhaps, which has a value above that of the story itself. If I have ever been certain of anything it is that *An Edge of the Forest* by Agnes Smith (Gollancz, 12s 6d) is a classic of its genre. It is the story of a young black lamb which, straying by accident into the forest, is adopted by a black leopardess, an owl, and a doe. What makes this simple tale of danger, escape and love so fascinating is the complex of relationships which develops between the four main characters. The leopardess, herself motherless, loves the lamb and is determined to protect it; but her love is uneasy. She knows, without knowing why, that there is something *wrong* about their relationship; and this wrongness is finally expressed, with maddening blandness, by a reticent old brown owl, who stares unblinkingly at the lamb and asks: 'What is a black lamb?' The root of their dilemma is that the lamb has strayed out of its proper context, and instinct – by which all animals must live – has been set at nought. This is a beautiful, moving and true book – true in the sense that, although we must suppose that a leopardess cannot speak to a lamb, this is surely how she would speak if it were possible.

Another book in which the animals' instinctive ways to knowledge are brought into convincing, if mysterious, reality is Elyne Mitchell's *Silver Brumby's Daughter* (Hutchinson, 13s 6d), a thrilling and romantic story about a silver filly whose father is the leader of a herd of wild horses in the Australian bush. The herd escape capture again and again by their knowledge of a secret valley, and their ability to reach it in the snow without leaving tracks. The heroine eventually leaves the herd for the sake of a great black stallion, and terrible adventures ensue. For any child who loves horses this would be a magnificent gift. In books as well written as this one feels nothing odd about the animals' ability to talk. It is only when human desires and ambitions are imputed to them that the convention becomes ridiculous.

Elephants are favourite subjects for animal stories, largely perhaps because of their ability to co-operate with man without loss of dignity. In *Elephant Bridge* by Jeffrey Potter (Hutchinson, 12s 6d) Maung Po is the lucky little human who is abducted by a bereaved cow elephant and is later able, with the help of the herd, to strike a blow against the enemy during the war in Burma. The nicest thing about this book is the quiet, direct tone of voice in which the story is told: at once reassuring, and suggestive of exciting mysteries just around each corner.

Vix by A. Windsor-Richards (Benn, 10s 6d) is a simple from-cub-to-mother story, beautifully produced and illustrated, and enlivened with the sort of adventures one might expect would befall an English vixen. This is in the Henry Williamson tradition, and although it cannot equal Williamson's extraordinary ability to convey the very taste and touch of the material world as it might appear to an animal's senses, it does involve one in a very personal way in the fortunes of the heroine.

With *Grasson* by Joseph E. Chipperfield (Hutchinson, 15s), a story of poachers, keepers and young love in the western Highlands, a golden eagle is the principal character, but the human beings take a larger share of the action than in the other books. In this romantic, evocative story, man is making an effort to enter imaginatively into the perilous freedom of wild animals. In my last book, *The Sixpenny Runner*, by Lois Lamplugh (Cape, 10s 6d) the animal hero has entered man's world completely. This is a story of devotion, between a greyhound and his young master, a nicely written children's novel which manages to preserve the dog's dignity in an undignified world – rather in the face of the facts, perhaps, but with touching sincerity.

JEREMY BROOKS

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Passion's Ironist

G. S. FRASER

Hamlet sought out in friendship the man who was not 'passion's slave'. A century and a half later, David Hume, perhaps half-consciously remembering his Shakespeare, said that reason is, and should be, the slave of the passions. Hume's great contemporary Bishop Butler saw also that abstract reason can never be a motive, and hoped to keep the passions under control by an appeal – if the direct appeal to conscience should fail – to reasonable self-love. The passions, he pointed out, seek their own satisfaction and not ours; they are not self-regarding. A man who is habitually swayed by passions, even generous ones, is likely to do a great deal of damage to himself and others. A man who acts from motives of enlightened, or well-informed, selfishness is far from being the highest, noblest, or most loveable sort of person we can think of, but he is much less likely than the loveable man who is passion's slave to go off the rails. I do not know that Bishop Butler's argument, which seems to me unanswerable, had any contemporary effect, or has had any effect since. Blifil, in *Tom Jones*, is detestable, and he is a Butlerian moralist. Fielding bases morality there (though he does this a great deal less in *Amelia*) on generous impulse rather than settled principles. Burns and Sterne base it on warm human feeling or sensibility. It is only these moral realists, Richardson and Laclos, who give us in Lovelace and Valmont pictures of what in practice making reason the slave of passion is likely to lead to.

This bit of potted cultural history is more relevant than it may appear to the subject of this piece, which is Lord Byron as a poet and a person. Byron sometimes modelled his epistolary style, and often his amatory swagger, on Lovelace and Valmont. He was in many ways, including his taste in poetry, a belated eighteenth-century man. The restless energy which informs both his life and his writings sprang from a readiness to make reason the slave of the passions, combined with a perpetual rediscovery that satisfying the passions does not satisfy, or settle, the self. In his attitude to the passions Byron was like the heavy drinker who can always temporarily settle a hangover by opening another bottle, but who could only settle his central problem by giving the bottle up. He belongs, like his contemporary Benjamin Constant, to that phase of the romantic movement when a heart like Rousseau's could still be combined, in one body, with a mind like Voltaire's. Habitually yielding to impulse, he habitually mocks his own impulsiveness. He admires passion, he loves a rhetorical gesture, but his passions and gestures gain a special flavour from, are checked or deflected by, an ironical self-consciousness and a dry sense of fact. That explains the critical paradox about him: no great English writer is more of a *poseur;* yet no great English writer has less of the smell of 'literature' about him, is more naturally and unaffectedly himself. It is the paradox of the actor, never more himself than when he is acting, and never acting better than when he is ironically aware of the tricks of his own performance.

Victorian critics like Ruskin and Matthew Arnold and Macaulay, in spite of the alleged stuffiness of that age, recognised Byron as a great nature, a great energy, and essentially a loveable man. Ironically, one of the first English critics whom I have discovered really disliking Byron is the great emancipator, Lytton Strachey, in his youthful prize essay on English letter-writers. Lord David Cecil in his books on Melbourne is also very prim about him. He was not by late Victorian or Edwardian standards a gentleman, he had vigour and generous impulses, but not reliability, not 'character'. He has found, however, sympathetic defenders, like Sir Harold Nicolson and Mr Peter Quennell; but his life has distracted attention from his writings, and Mr Paul West's book on the poetry* and Mr Quennell's own beautifully chosen set of elegant extracts, *Byronic Thoughts*,† may set people reading him again, instead of reading about him. The restlessness of which I have spoken Mr West takes as a central datum. He calls attention to Byron's unpredictability and inconsistency which, however, 'amounted to a perpetual combination of the same (or most of the same) elements'. He asserts that Byron had 'no philosophy' and 'was not even essentially a writer'. (I do not know what he means when, in the same sentence, he asserts that Byron was 'no great social wit'; it seems to me that Byron knew the political and fashionable society of his time very thoroughly indeed, much more thoroughly than Mr West or I can ever hope to know the society of our own age, and that his attacks on its abuses are not only very witty but courageous and just.)

It is true, however, that Byron was 'not even essentially a writer' in the sense that he did not like to be thought of as a professional man of letters. He liked solitude, and he liked the great world, and literary society seemed to him a dull and unsatisfactory compromise between these two extremes. He thought the lives of men of letters dull compared to those of men of action. It is true that he had no 'philosophy', in the sense of having no system, but systems are not fashionable in philosophy just now. He had a gift for intermittently confronting great questions in metaphysics, or in morals, in their insoluble nakedness.

Mr Quennell, for instance, prints a passage, in which Byron rediscovers (or perhaps only restates) Pascal's argument of the Wager, and then, which is more acute and more surprising, sees just why that argument will never convert anybody to Christian belief:

> Indisputably, the firm believers in the Gospel have a great advantage over all others, – for this simple reason, that, if true, they will have their reward hereafter; and if there be no hereafter, they can be but with the infidel in his eternal sleep, having had the assistance of an exalted hope, through life, without subsequent disappointment, since (at the worse for them) 'out of nothing, nothing can arise', not even sorrow. But a man's creed does not depend upon *himself: who* can say, I *will* believe this, that, or the other? and least of all, that which he can least comprehend.

Mr Quennell notes the resemblance of many of Byron's maxims and reflections to those of seventeenth-century French moralists, like La Rochefoucauld, one of Byron's favourite authors. But there are some that look forward rather than back. This one has an Emersonian sweetness:

> I am always most religious upon a sunshiny day; as if there was some association between an internal approach to greater light and purity, and the kindler of this dark lanthorn of our existence.

Byron, in fact, seems to me a man more integrated in society, more coherent in his main attitudes to society also, and more powerfully a thinker, even if in an intermittent way, than Mr West is willing to allow him to be. His best writing, as in *Don Juan*, comes, for Mr West, from the playing of 'a farce with language', which entails an 'abdication from the deeper pity, from the final and purposeful language it entails'. The whole structure of *Don Juan*, Mr West thinks, enables Byron to avoid commitment to definite values. 'Like the uncertain critic, he puts his doubtful ideas in apostrophes and leaves to the reader the job of assigning and assessing.' The transitions to slang and mockery and puns cast doubt even on the sincerity of the heroic or pathetic evocations of love or war. The high values suffer 'the fate – in an uncaring world – of any high aspiration'. Mr West, whose prose is full of striking sentences that invite one to quote them, says: 'The ringmaster, polished, *blasé*, has a hired smile, but no explanations.'

Mr West has worked hard, and in detail, on *Don Juan* and I am speaking only from my general impression of a poem which I have read through several times, and dip in often, when I say that *Don Juan* seems to me to embody a much more warm, positive, and committed attitude to life than such phrases of Mr West's suggest; a more generous attitude, also. Mr West compares the final effect of the poem to a combination of La Rochefoucauld and Ben Jonson. That suggests to me a total effect far too hard, dry, and unsympathetic. Hazlitt compared the poem, thinking mainly of its transitions and digressions, to a *Tristram Shandy* in verse; there is in fact something of Sterne's geniality though nothing of his *sensiblerie;* I would rather call it a *Candide* in verse. Like Voltaire, Byron is attacking human folly rather than human nature, and like Voltaire again he is sometimes not attacking anything in particular, but merely being naughty and funny. There is a certain maturity of attitude in not getting into too much of a rage with the human situation as one finds it, and it is easier to laugh men out of folly than to scold them out of it. As for 'abdication from the deeper pity', Byron never saw a large injustice without attacking it, or a small one without making it ridiculous. The one eighteenth-century tradition from which he draws nothing is that of sensibility, or the self-approving display of one's tender feelings. With his hankerings after an earlier Augustan strictness, he thought that maudlin. But I think only a prig could read *Don Juan* without feeling that its author has both a realistic vision of society and a good heart. There is a danger today, in literary criticism, of taking the 'serious' as the opposite of the 'comic'; the true opposite of the 'serious' is the 'trivial'. Byron, I would say, in *Don Juan*, like Voltaire in *Candide*, is a very serious writer. I was sorry not to see in Mr West's bibliography a fairly recent article by Miss Helen Gardner, which puts some of these points better than I can put them.

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* *Byron and the Spoiler's Art*. By PAUL WEST. *Chatto & Windus*. 18*s*.

† *Byronic Thoughts*. Edited by PETER QUENNELL. *Murray*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

One would like to greet, however, very warmly indeed this most promising first essay in criticism by a young writer already well known as a clever reviewer. If an old hand might give Mr West a friendly hint, it is that the kind of cleverness which keeps us alert when reading a review of six or eight hundred words becomes slightly tiring when expanded to the length of a book. I found myself so often admiring and underlining individual sentences that I often lost track of the drift of a paragraph. There is a very arguable case that critical prose, in book-length deployment, should be slightly dull. I found also Mr West's method of a historical comparison at times a little bewildering. The differences between Hemingway and Byron seem to me much more striking than any resemblances; and, of course, as Mr West points out, Byron's way of playing with disparate particulars is very different from Miss Marianne Moore's, but who expected it to be similar? But it is fun to watch a young man unpack his bags, even if some of the items were not really wanted on the voyage. Mr West has learning, gaiety, and self-confidence; one looks forward to his further adventures as a critic.

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To School

I sent my Muse to school:
  They taught her to walk straight,
To bear her body well,
  Scan, and alliterate.
So perfect was her poise
Men turned to watch her pass.

Skin deep, some said: those airs
  But fascinate the sight;
No true delight is hers.
  I thought, they must be right.
She plays a flawless part:
True verse is from the heart.

But when my heart was hurt,
  Too dumb to find relief,
She took voice till her art
  Sang the true shape of grief.
And the unschooled who heard
Loathed their own broken words.

LAURENCE LERNER

View from the Witness Box

Lady Chatterley's Lover. By D. H. LAWRENCE. *Penguin. 3s. 6d.*

I write as one of 'those most eminent and academic ladies and gentlemen' about whom Mr Mervyn Griffith-Jones could not help feeling that, 'sincerely and honestly as they feel, they feel in such a way that common sense perhaps has gone by the board.' As such, I never dared for a moment to hope that within a week of appearing in the box at Court No. 1 I should be typing that title, that publisher and that price at the head of a review. No doubt the Archbishop is right when he says 'The law is a clumsy instrument for dealing with matters of moral discretion.' It is also, or so it seemed a week ago at the Old Bailey, a clumsy instrument for determining literary merit.

A journalist who was in court throughout told me that his impression of the case was of two worlds that existed side by side and did not meet at a single point. That was certainly how it seemed as one read the reports of the trial before going into the witness-box and as one watched the proceedings afterwards. I think the representatives of these two worlds were genuinely bewildered by each other. The failure to make contact was there from the start, when Mr Griffith-Jones asked Mr Graham Hough whether he did not find a certain passage shocking. 'Shocking,' Mr Hough replied, was not a word used in literary criticism. Early on, Mr Griffith-Jones was lamenting that expert witnesses seemed incapable of answering simply yes or no to questions that doubtless appeared simple to him; while expert witnesses were invited to pronounce on the literary merit of passages or sentences wrenched out of context and no doubt ached to ask Mr Griffith-Jones to pronounce on the literary merit of such lines as 'Never, never, never, never, never!' and 'Pray, you, undo this button.'

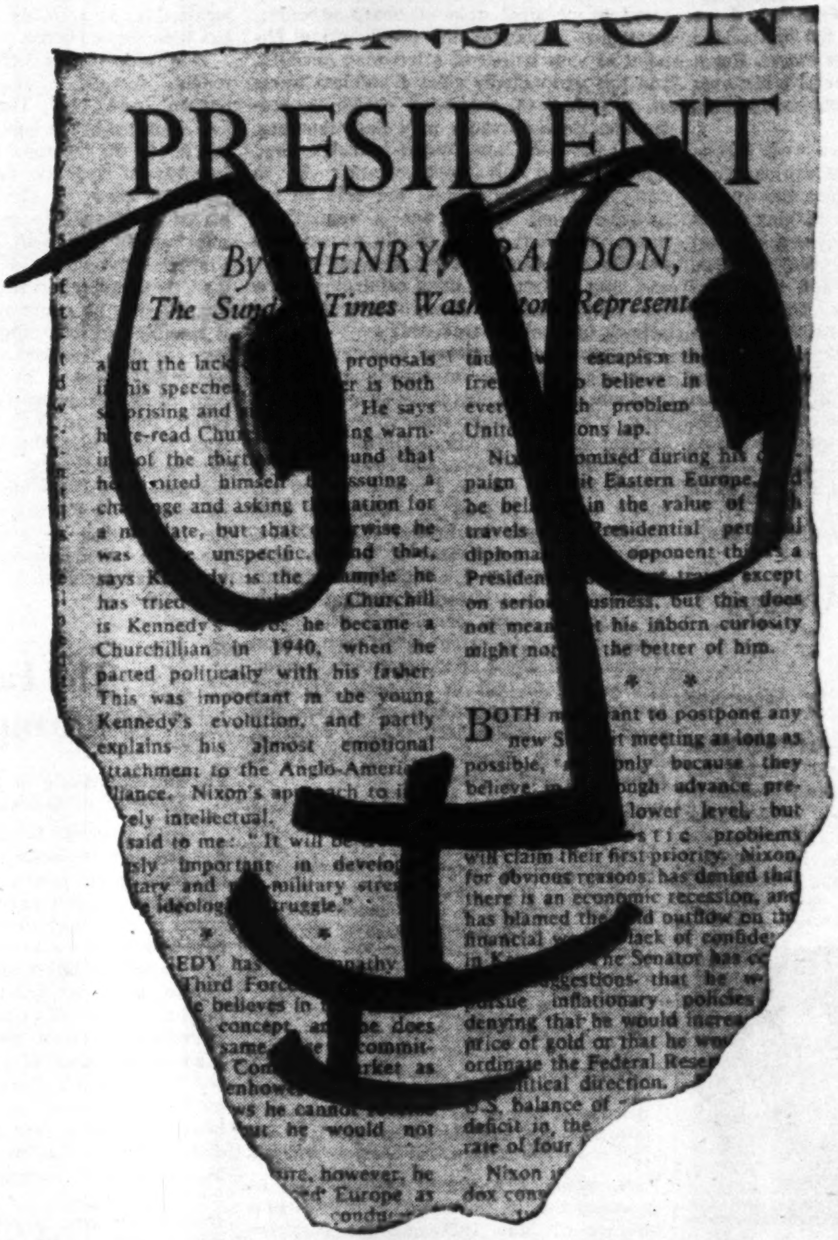
To literary critics, in fact, the questions Mr Griffith-Jones put to witnesses could only suggest a man who had never read a work of imaginative writing in his life before and had found the experience most upsetting. Nor do I think Mr Justice Byrne showed up much better. He seemed to think *Lady Chatterley's Lover* was about adultery: it is surely scarcely more about adultery than *Macbeth* is about witchcraft. In the end, the case became a case about the nature of the act of reading a work of imagination; and in its interpretation of a process that is really quite complex the prosecution was all too naive. To quote from *The Times* report:

> He [Mr Griffith-Jones] suggested that with the learning and reading that lay behind Miss Rebecca West, she was capable of reading what she said into the book, but was that typical of the effect the book would have on the average reader? 'Are they really going to see any allegory within it? Is the baronet and his impotence going to be read by them as a symbol of the impotent culture of that time?'

Mr Griffith-Jones went on to say: 'One wonders . . . whether one is talking with the same language.' He needn't have wondered; he wasn't talking with the same language as Dame Rebecca. He was using a language too unsubtle, too imprecise, too poor in its vocabulary to make the serious discussion of a serious subject possible. Expert witnesses under cross-examination were in much the same situation as a lover of painting trying to discuss a picture with a colour-blind man or a musician attempting to convert the tone-deaf to an appreciation of a symphony.

And of course Rebecca West was right. Sir Clifford Chatterley *is* an allegorical or symbolic figure. The average reader – whoever he may be – may not know the words 'allegorical' or 'symbolic'; it doesn't matter in the least; he will certainly realise, such is the tone, quality and direction of Lawrence's prose, that Sir Clifford has a meaning beyond the merely literal, stands for something more than himself. And this, of course, is the way good novels act upon readers and why outlines of plot, enumerations of 'bouts' and totting-up of four-letter words are quite inadequate to sum up a novel like *Lady Chatterley*.

The point was made again and again from the witness-box that the novel is only partly, and perhaps not even fundamentally, about sex. In my view it is about what the Victorians called the Condition of England question. E. M. Forster, in court, placed Lawrence in the English Puritan tradition somewhere between Bunyan and Blake. That is generally true. But *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, it seems to me, is even more directly in the line of descent from Carlyle and Ruskin. It is an attack on what Carlyle called 'the cash-nexus', which he saw as the only relationship between human beings in industrial society. In a sense, sex is Lawrence's desperate solution of the problem. *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, as most witnesses were at pains to point out,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The Sunday Times Washington Representative

I wasn't in the U.S.A. for the Election

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isn't the best of Lawrence. It doesn't compare with *The Rainbow* or *Women in Love* or *Sons and Lovers*, or with the best of the short stories, or with *Etruscan Places*. But it is one of the most powerful moral fables ever written, and only one man could have written it.

The heartening thing is we were wrong about those two self-enclosed worlds. They did meet. They met in the 12 men and women in the jury-box. One knows nothing about them – and in a way that seems to me almost the rummest thing in a very rum business. Whether they needed it or not, they were subjected to the most intensive – and the most expensive – course in the principles of literary criticism known to history. They have, knowingly or not, affirmed what Lawrence described in the book that all the fuss was about, as 'the vast importance of the novel': that 'it can inform and lead into new places the flow of our sympathetic consciousness, and it can lead our sympathy away in recoil from things gone dead.'

WALTER ALLEN

The Right Is Always Wrong

The de Gaulle Revolution. By ALEXANDER WERTH. *Hale*. 30s.

For a quarter of a century, Mr Werth has been recording the follies and failures, the agony and comedy of republican France. In this, the third of his post-war volumes, he continues the story from the collapse of the Gaillard government – the last working cabinet of the Fourth Republic – to the first parliamentary elections of the Fifth. He employs his usual technique, a glittering blend of personal opinion, sharp anecdote, newspaper quotations and deadly irony. His point of view is that of a left-wing Socialist, and this undoubtedly gives a political frame of reference to the book which a pro-Gaullist English reader may find obtrusive. But at the same time, Werth is such a good reporter, and his documentation is so thorough (he must possess not only an exhaustive filing system but a remarkable memory), that the book can in no sense be described as biased. If the extreme right – and even de Gaulle – stand condemned, they are condemned by their own words and actions, here soberly recorded.

Indeed, if contemporary history is worth writing at all, and I'm sometimes inclined to doubt it, I think this is the shape it should take. I have at home more than 50 books dealing with post-war France; with the exception of Mr Werth's own, and Herbert Lüthy's superb *State of France*, I now find them virtually useless. Instead of describing what actually happens in France they tend to analyse what is supposed to happen – as though France were a constitutional abstraction, existing in a historical vacuum. Werth, by contrast, simply compiles a scrapbook, linked together by a narrative which reflects the fears and hopes of a committed observer. His books are thus in no sense scholarly, still less academic, but they are genuine history. They are also compulsively readable, presenting the rococo detail as well as the grandiose sweep of events:

> M. Le Troquer was violently opposed to de Gaulle's return to power, resented Coty's famous threat to the Assembly to resign if de Gaulle were not brought back to power, and even for a brief moment hoped to succeed Coty as President of the Republic with the support of a 'Republican majority' including the Communists. Later, under the de Gaulle government, Le Troquer, 'the staunch Republican' was – no doubt rather deliberately – shown up as a dirty old man of seventy-four, who had taken part in the famous *ballets roses* orgies, and a criminal charge was brought against him. However, he got his own back by showing the police a film in which an elderly relative of one of the regime's high-ups was also seen to attend the *ballets roses* . . . and got away with a suspended one-year sentence.

Here, again, is a superb extract from an Assembly debate, illustrating both the rising violence of May 1958 and the paralysed punctiliousness of the falling regime:

> *M. Pelat* (*Poujadist*): You're a bunch of swine.
> *President of the Assembly*: Really, Monsieur Pelat . . .
> *M. Pelat*: I repeat, there are plenty of bastards here.
> *President*: Monsieur Pelat, I call you to order.
> *M. Pelat*: I don't give a ——.
> *President*: My call to order will be recorded in the minutes.

Mr Werth has a tragic story to tell – of violence answered by cowardice and eventually legalised in hypocrisy – and it is painful to read it again, even today, two years later. Nevertheless there is one consoling factor in the recent history of France. The left has lost virtually every battle, but it has won all the campaigns. For, after all, what the political battle in France has been about, ever since 1946, has not been constitutions or regimes, or even republican democracy, but the retention of the overseas empire. At every stage, the *colons*, colonels, policemen, torturers, gangsters, press-censors – the squirming, obscene menagerie of the post-war right – have outwitted the men of the left or terrorised and bludgeoned them into silence. But inexorably, at a steady rhythm, the empire has been dismembered.

This process has been the one regular, reliable feature in the post-war political pattern. Indo-China, Tunisia, Morocco were lost against a background of steadily increasing power on the right; and when, in their moment of supreme tactical triumph, the right smashed the Fourth Republic and placed de Gaulle in power by force, this was rapidly followed by the loss of all France's possessions in black Africa. Since then, de Gaulle's hesitations have lost Algeria too, for now no compromise with the *colons* is possible and they must inevitably be swept back to the Mediterranean periphery from which they came. If, in the process, they succeed in overthrowing de Gaulle and completing the Fascist *coup* which went off half-cock in May 1958, this itself will only entail further loss to France – her elimination from the council of Nato and her final surrender of status as the fourth great power. And once the last vestiges of world power disappear, the meek – that is to say, the left – will inherit their kingdom.

PAUL JOHNSON

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Patrick Branwell Brontë is one of the saddest names in the history of literature. Even if his drinking and drug-taking no longer excite the horror that they once did, there is another aspect of him which must be even more poignant to our success-loving age than it was to his; he was a failure, a complete and utter failure, as man, writer, painter, son and brother – above all as brother, for never has a brother let down his sisters as badly as Branwell let down his. Disappointment: he was fated to cause all who loved or liked him (and he had many more friends, counting boon companions, than his sisters had) bitter disappointment. And more than anyone else, he disappointed himself: for he cherished for himself even higher ambitions than were cherished for him. 'In all my life I have done nothing either great or good' were his last words, and then he struggled to his feet and died.

Although Branwell has not until now had the honour of a full-length biography, he is as much a part of the Brontë legend as any of them – more perhaps, for of all the handicaps that his sisters had to contend with, he, their darling, their treasure, was the greatest. What has Miss Daphne du Maurier to tell about him that is new? A good deal that is new to me. That he had epileptic fits, for one thing, which explains why his father wouldn't send him to school. (The Reverend Patrick, once regarded as a monster, comes out of this biography with flying colours.) But her most important contribution is, I think, to have given a convincing reason for his failure. It wasn't only that he couldn't live up to the great expectations of his gifted sisters; it wasn't only that he took to drink and drugs – though they played their part. It was chiefly because he, alone of the four, could not free himself from the fantasy world – 'the web of childhood' – which, under his leadership, they so precociously wove. In the 'plays', the 'games', the chronicles of Angria – so secret

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that they were written in a handwriting too small to be read by tired-eyed elders – he was the self-appointed but acknowledged leader. 'Chief Genius Brannii' he styled himself, at the age of nine; and Chief Genius Brannii he remained when the others had (partially, at any rate) emancipated themselves and emerged into the real world (though still disguised) as Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell.

Miss du Maurier distinguishes two phases in his literary development: the first when his hero, Alexander Rogue, is engaged in warlike adventures; the second when Alexander, now Alexander Percy, Earl of Northangerland, displays his prowess in the fields of love – both licit and illicit. He was the prototype of Mr Rochester, Heathcliff, and Mr Huntingdon, a dashing, Byronic figure who was everything that Branwell would have liked to be, but was not. These lurid tales deserved the epithet 'infernal' that the children fathered on them; they had affinities with the horror-comics of today; and the literary progress of the three sisters was away from the alarming corruption of childhood to the comparative innocence of maturity. But Branwell never reached maturity – that is Miss du Maurier's thesis; drink and opium kept him a prisoner of fantasy, a schizophrenic unable to distinguish between fact and fiction.

There are still unsolved problems in Brontë biography – did Branwell, for instance, really go to London to study at the Royal Academy? Miss du Maurier, along with most other authorities, thinks he did, though the evidence is rather flimsy. Where she differs from them is in imputing to him a strain of homosexuality which could explain not only the low company he kept, with 'boaties' and other uncultivated types, but also his dismissal from Thorp Green. It was not, she suggests, for the reason given by Branwell, his irresistible attraction for his employer's wife; it was because of his unfortunate influence on his employer's son who, be it said, later led a blameless life banished from Yorkshire to Somerset.

Poor Branwell! Unable to recapture the charm which his conversation and physical presence must have had, we can only think of him as the wretched creature which he thought himself – whining, sponging, self-dramatising, endlessly ineffectual. Perhaps if Wordsworth had bothered to answer his letter, if anyone important had bolstered him up in time, he might, as his sisters did, have turned the corner which leads from aspiration to achievement. And yet, low be it spoken, there is little doubt that he had a hand in *Wuthering Heights*; 75 years after his death John Drinkwater found his translation of Horace good enough to publish; it is his group of the three sisters (perhaps from self-abasement he painted himself out of it) which tells us what they looked like; while his profile-portrait, whether it be of Emily or of Anne, was declared by Sir Charles Holmes to be the finest work of art in the National Portrait Gallery. How he was able to do this, why he was not able to do more, Miss du Maurier's fascinating biography, the outcome of many years of study and research, abundantly shows. Unmoralistic in tone, written with daring, gusto and a happy freedom of expression, it re-creates, besides much else, the gaiety, energy and hopefulness, the readiness to welcome life with open arms, which are as much a part of the Brontë story as are its tragedies.

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Self-Made Man. By PETER FORSTER. *Hutchinson.* 18*s*.

The L-Shaped Room. By LYNNE REID BANKS. *Chatto & Windus.* 16*s*.

The Sovereigns. By ROGER VAILLAND. Trans. PETER WILES. *Cape.* 16*s*.

It seems a long time ago – two years, actually – since Mr John Betjeman wrote that Mr Philip Callow's *Common People* sounded 'like a genuine cry from a class usually silent in the literary world.' Well, if they were silent then, they are not silent now, and Mr Callow's new novel seems almost old-fashioned in its aloofness from, not to say contempt for, the trends and movements and other forms of literary group-therapy that writers of his class are supposedly involved in. His new novel has a wide span. It is the story, spread over some 40 years, of a Midlands working-class family called the Satchwells. It starts with Arthur Satchwell returning home after the First World War, it tells of his marriage and of his sons, particularly Martin who grows up to become a teacher in London. There are no shocks here, no pyrotechnics. Mr Callow is a completely honest writer and his tale unfolds naturally, economically and without tricks, to reveal the natural grain of life. This is an ambitious novel, and while it relegates many so-called 'slice of life' novels to so many wet crumbs in comparison, it does not completely succeed. On its own terms it succeeds: Mr Callow does what he sets out to do. But what he sometimes seems to be setting out to do is to give us life without the spark (without the pyrotechnics?). Is Mr Callow too honest? Can a novelist be too honest? His 'fine economy' and his 'absence of fuss' have been praised, but is he too economical, too unfussy? I would say that Mr Callow has established himself on some solid, rock-firm literary flatlands, and that he should now begin to build higher on these sound foundations. He should also, incidentally, forget those little kicks that keep coming his way *in re* the Lawrence influence. He owes no more than most working-class writers to Lawrence, and what he does owe he has repaid in full measure with his own sure talent.

Mr Peter Forster is trying valiantly to give us a contemporary *Book of Snobs*. In his last novel, *The Right People*, he described with devastating accuracy the set of people who, with their barbecues, yellow front doors and Mort Sahl records, are OK in England today. His new novel is about the kind of person who brought this set into being.

> The new-style self-made of the 1950's era – not the low-born northerner of former days, filling his pockets with brass, or the provincial tycoon from Brummagem, or even the cockney transferred from East to West End, but the minor public school man and junior officer who, robbed of his patrimony by war and social change, had buckled to and built his own prosperity.

He built his prosperity, of course, on commercial buccaneering, tax-dodging, expense-accounting and the flexible mid-Atlantic morality which is Mr Forster's obsession. What Mr Forster is doing is very interesting, but I wish that he were not so acutely conscious that he is writing a series of novels 'in which he plans to show aspects of the contemporary social scene.' If he could absorb these modern sounds that he knows so well sufficiently to let them form the beat rather than the melody, he would write a fascinating novel indeed.

The L-Shaped Room is a disappointing first novel about a pregnant girl who is thrown out of house and home and has to go live in a nasty little room in Fulham to await her baby. It's disappointing because Miss Reid Banks has got such a good theme: how do people treat an unmarried mother nowadays, how do they react to her, and most important, how does she react, and how does she feel as those unwanted months go by? But Miss Reid Banks chucks her opportunity away in a conventional boarding-house saga, all baked beans and hearts of gold. There is a great deal about bed bugs which I can't help thinking wouldn't have been necessary if the heroine had had the sense to move into one of the many London boarding houses that don't have them.

'Duc had just returned from a long trip abroad, to his country house not far from the banks of the Saône; he was beginning to write a novel . . . ' That is the beginning of *The Sovereigns*. Duc is a middle-aged writer who lives with his wife in the country, and his writing is going through a rough patch. He decides that he needs something to stimulate him and so – while his wife remains 'unruffled' – he takes up with Lucie, a young wife who seems to answer some kind of masochistic chord in him. He begins to write again: 'Duc had just returned, from a long trip abroad, to his country house . . . ' Very neat. There is also a big symbol thing about cars which I have never the space nor the inclination to go into here. I feel on the whole that, as Miss Parker would say, there is less in this than meets the eye, or rather that what there is in it goes out of its way to avoid meeting the eye.

KEITH WATERHOUSE

Pragmatist at Work

The Attack on World Poverty. By ANDREW SHONFIELD. *Chatto & Windus.* 21*s*.

In the current ideological controversy in the Labour Party about public ownership Andrew Shonfield has provided ammunition for both sides. He himself is strictly a pragmatist in economic matters. Week after week, as economic editor of the *Observer*, he has pinpointed the shortcomings of our privately run system; and he once argued in an article in *Encounter* that, if only the left-wing of the Labour party would drop its doctrinaire objections to capitalism, the party could really get down to the job of exposing these weaknesses. It could, he suggested, gravely embarrass the Tories by showing how much public enterprise was needed to make the system work. But when he starts to give examples (as, for instance, his suggestion that the State should pump from £500 million to £1,000 million a year into industrial research) it soon becomes clear that he is visualising such far-reaching changes that capitalism at the end of them would barely be recognisable as such.

Something of the same kind has happened in this book. With the help of the Ford Foundation, Shonfield has spent months conducting first-hand research into the needs of the undeveloped areas and he gives us a most valuable up-to-date account of the size of the problem, the work of the agencies which are trying to deal with it and where those agencies are failing to meet the need. As always, his approach is a pragmatic one. He thinks there is a place for private investment operating on tough commercial principles and he praises the work of the World Bank under Eugene Black for its 'shrewdness and energy' and the discipline in hard economic thinking which it imposes on its borrowers. He is impatient of woolly idealistic concepts like SUNFED, favoured by the undeveloped nations themselves, which he says would become a 'jolly share-out' by the poor countries of funds provided by the rich. But as he probes more and more deeply into the problems, he becomes more and more critical of the economic thinking of the Western nations in relation to the need; and he ends with the conclusion that 'we are not going to get anything like the sum required for a crash programme . . . if we have to rely on the existing conventional methods of giving aid.'

The World Bank, for instance, is not even beginning to meet the needs of the poorer areas. Its funds have been directed to the semi-developed ones and even they will not be able to borrow much in future as they struggle under the burden of debt-servicing imposed by its high interest rates and rigid lending rules. These rules prevent it from giving help where it could do most immediate good – as, for instance, raising the standards in agriculture by helping the backward countries to import fertilisers or improved seeds. Nor is the International Monetary Fund any better. Indeed, Mr Shonfield has some scathing things to say about its head, Mr Jacobsson, a 'conservative Swedish economist'. So angry does he become over Mr Jacobsson's self-appointed task of smelling out the bilateralist heresies in the trade policies of the underdeveloped world, or scotching the efforts of Latin American countries to expand their trade through regional pacts, that he is driven into outright condemnation of the failure of traditional economic theory to take account of 'the new

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humanitarian approach which will not let the problem of too many poor people solve itself by starvation and disease.'

The only answer to this problem, he finally decides, lies in the abandonment of the most treasured economic thinking of the West, not only its belief in the sanctity of commercial principles, but the whole elaborately constructed machinery of multilateral trade which, he has discovered, 'makes skinflints of us all'. Under this system additional help to the undeveloped areas inevitably puts a strain on the balance of payments of key contributors like America and Britain. What is needed is some new international machinery which would plan and co-ordinate a vast arrangement of barter deals and gifts in kind from rich nations to poor ones: food surpluses and products of idle industries in the West could be pumped into hungry areas.

All this, Mr Shonfield recognises, will require physical planning on an elaborate scale and the sort of thinking in physical terms which is 'alien to most of the officials who concern themselves with international trade.' The worst obstacle of all, he admits, 'is likely to be a lot of doctrinal prejudices – above all, the feeling that such a programme will have an anti-capitalist bias in the undeveloped countries themselves.' Here we come up against our old enemy: ideology. Can the capitalist nations of the world make the adjustments which his plan would entail? And if they can, will they remain recognisably capitalist?

BARBARA CASTLE

The Seedy Era

The Baldwin Age. Edited by JOHN RAYMOND. *Eyre & Spottiswoode. 25s.*

Mr Robert Blake, in his essay on 'Baldwin and the Right', in this symposium, gives an account of the former Prime Minister's old age. The old man had little to do, Mr Blake tells us, except to read the letters of abuse that constituted his morning mail, play patience, do jig-saw puzzles, and stand at 'rheumatic attention' when the allied national anthems were played. Mr Blake calls the picture 'distressing'. It is, however, the perfect curtain scene for the drama of the Baldwin Age, a sinister farce guaranteed to make you laugh till you cry.

So: there is Mr Blake on the politics of the Right, and Mr A. J. P. Taylor on The Left. Mr Michael Wharton writes on A Few Lost Causes (very good this, the Kindred of Kibbo Kift, Social Credit and so on). Mr Philip Noel-Baker, on the League of Nations, has written an admirably indignant essay, but somehow it doesn't quite suit the mood of the book. Mr Anthony Howard is very good on The Churches; Miss Hansford Johnson is close to the centre of the subject in showing Walpole, Galsworthy, Charles Morgan, Brett Young as the literary giants of the age. Mr Walter Allen has a surgical piece on Mass Entertainment ('the tendency of the Establishment to conventionalise, to subjugate individual human beings to class or vocational types . . .'); and Messrs Harold Wincott, Gerard Fay, Francis Williams, Philip Hope-Wallace write on economics, unrest, the press, and the theatre, music and ballet.

Lastly we have C. P. Snow on 'Rutherford and the Cavendish'. It was right to put it at the end, not only because it is the best piece in the book, but because it makes so brilliant a contrast: here was not only greatness, but assurance and eagerness; Snow shows us Rutherford attacking nuclear physics like a hungry man attacking a steak. And of all the people he has lived among Snow says that the scientists were 'much the happiest.'

But then, it was not a happy age. One of the things that seems to have been left out of this book is the quintessential feeling, growing stronger as the Baldwin age went on, a feeling not specifically political, of deep uneasiness, frustration, and anxiety, a suburban-garden sense of aboriginal catastrophe. As Richard Hoggart remarks in his book on Auden, 'it was a seedy era, the era of the newspaper canvassers and cut-price stores.' Morally seedy, too: 'a Footlers' Paradise,' as Cyril Connolly called it. Orwell saw it as a time when 'the young are generally thwarted and most of the power is in the hands of irresponsible uncles and bed-ridden aunts.' And it is this sense which gave to some of Auden's lines their gnomic authority: 'This country of ours where nobody is well.'

It all happened aeons ago, before television or the bomb And while it is true that the present has its own contemporary kind of affsoc selfishness, and its own fears, it doesn't, thank God, have either the armour-plated complacency or the sense of shame and anxiety of the mean and shabby age brought before us in this absorbing anthology.

J. D. SCOTT

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at 8.30 p.m. on 31.01 and 41.01 m.
at 9.30 p.m. on 31.45 and 48.43 m.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,603 **Set by Lambeth Boy**

The usual prizes are offered for either the opening of, or an excerpt from, the conversations between His Holiness Pope John XXIII and His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury. Maximum length 150 words. Entries by 22 November. (Vicky barred.)

Result of No. 1,600 **Set by William Salter**

It has been suggested at the conference of the Town and Country Planning Association that London and Birmingham 'may eventually coalesce and we may eventually find ourselves living in a great motorised city called Londbirm'. The usual prizes are offered for a poem in celebration or deploration of 'Londbirm', in the manner of early Auden or late Betjeman. Maximum length 16 lines.

Report

On the evidence of this competition, Betjeman is now more familiar than Auden; or is it simply that he's more imitable? Almost all the Betjemanites produced lines that sounded like the master; witness Lyndon Irving's

> Cocoa wafts from old Bournville
> To spice the mists of Maida Vale;

and Stanley J. Sharpless's

> Through concrete shires, Londbirm's surburban hells
> Sprawl 'neath the supermarket's neon glow,
> While over all, the non-stop ice-cream bells
> Call kiddies to the only god they know.

As against these, apart from the prizewinners', entries after Auden seldom captured the real note, though Christine Greenfield nearly made it:

> The Airman sees another merger signed.
> This union of cities without benefit of clergy . . .
> Send a wire off to Civilisation, but don't wait for an answer,
> For she is the Headless Lady we paid to see;

and Barbara Roe began well:

> We've finished with the old redundant shires;
> We've seen to it that they are buried deep,
> And do not hear them mutter in their sleep . . .

To these, as to Alberick, W. G. Daish, Alison Edwards, Patricia Hodgson, R. A. McKenzie and Margaret Wood, commendations. A guinea each for the following.

W. H. AUDEN

From sad lands where life is dull and cheap,
Sliding to worse by a smoother
Road, when all are maimed, we find them – the dry bones
Piled in a citied heap.

The dogs with the golden teeth have eaten the marrow.
Their bitches have torn off the meat.
And the hollow wind knocks yesterday's news
Against the cheap-jack's barrow.

Doubly vast for the bomb, the walls are waiting.
O hear the wail of the saxophone ascend!
In a dark alley away from the polished stre
The lion and the asp are mating.

But the hunt is up, and the savage horns go crying
Through Londbirm's thickets of stone
And hoofed with rubber the metal horses
Trample the halt and dying.

G. J. BLUNDELL

This is the end, the logic of our madness:
Fingers that splayed from each bewildered city
Scoring the green of timeless fertile valleys,
Have locked in citadel of concrete mountains
Rising on banks above the septic water.
Since *Christmas* time we have no use for islands.

Fearing the wraiths our madness loosed on islands,
We build a fair-ground fit for winter madness.
Bumping our cars on roads in twinkling valleys,
Skidding on roundabouts in rainbow water,
We lift our eyes to fly-overs, not mountains,
While automation serves the loveless city.

Like an unwieldy atom, break, O city,
Yielding, green-set, new isotopic islands
Active with love, where men shall lose their madness.

DORIS PULSFORD

Now the hungry city's claw
Adds new countries to its maw:
In the forest turned to stone
Man's gregariously alone.

All the fevers of the heart
Here enact their barren part,
And this monument of pride
Is the death wish magnified.

Lights that blink and corruscate
Hold like stars a human fate,
And the posters that grimace
Mock the empty human face.

From the desert man has come;
A new desert is his home,
Where there wander, crazed and crossed,
The anonymously lost.

A. J. RYDER

JOHN BETJEMAN

Up the Londbirm M-way snoring
On the Super-City coach,
Round by Bedford Suburb roaring
(Newport Pagnell lights approach),
Hollowed blue-white blaze above him,
Home to wife no more adoring,
Speeds the worker, none to love him,
Till he sees the Bournville chimneys cragwise on the gloom encroach.

Swishing where the road is gritty,
Over 'mends' that cause a lurch –
NW in the Super City,
Eyes through endless glare must search;
Region planned for glass and plastics
(By Londbrummagem Committee),
Hardware, nylon, screws, elastics,
And the site of *once* St Martin's thirteenth century parish church.

J. A. LINDON

Body odour cured by Yardley,
Teeth made whiter by MacLean,
I am waiting, but can hardly
Wait much longer for Doreen.

Ah, she comes! Past where the Troxy
Boasts its giant alfresco screen.
We shall spurn such orthodoxy
Gladly for the Londbirm scene.

I'm no longer old and crusty,
No more thoughts of Golders Green,
For Doreen is big and busty,
And my arm is round Doreen.

We ignore the suburbs dirty,
What we love lies in between,
Solihull, NW430
And Stepney, SE17.

DAVID BENEDICTUS

The Countryside

EDWARD HYAMS

A November pleasure is fire, indoors and out. True, since the organic husbandry people made us feel guilty about burning rubbish, the bonfire has declined. Only municipal gardeners now burn leaves, and even they look furtive about it, as well they may. Not that the modern compost heap can compare for refinement of art with its 19th-century forerunner: I have a book which tells you what special fodder to feed to your park deer in order to get the kind of dung which will make the right compost for certain exotic hothouse plants. Nonsense, of course; but rather splendid nonsense.

However even the poor modern compost heap steals combustibles from the bonfire. Not that it can cure the pyromania entirely: until late October the village greens of this parish were piled high with immense pyres of wood and old tyres for the burning of Guy Fawkes. The colossal fire annually kindled by Wye students on the Downs must be visible from the French coast; and student-hating farm-hands tell dark tales of whole fences and good wains disappearing over-night, in order that the fire may be fed. I dismiss such gossip if only because like Coleridge, whom de Quincey describes as running after a fire-engine 'albeit somewhat of the fattest for such exercise', there is no spectacle I enjoy more than a fire. Nero has been maligned: given that the Romans were not formed to be sorry for the neighbours' misfortunes, and that the Emperor was no fireman, why not enjoy the bonfire of Rome and even set it to music?

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As to fires indoors, the countryman has the advantage of the townsman, for whom a log fire is a costly luxury; whereas I can enjoy that and also his central heating or his electric radiators. And what, of late years, the country has taught the town about space-heating is the efficiency and economy of paraffin-burning equipment. I don't recommend the radiator, which is always setting fire to children; but the perfectly safe cabinet-type blue-flame convector. Technical advances have *almost* eliminated the smell; and for BTUs per shilling no other heating device can compare with it. This is not mere empiricism, though that's how you find it out. There's a rather nice formula which proves it mathematically, as well.

Come to think of it, a pleasure missed by the townsman is the range of paraffin-fired household contrivances designed, since the war, to bring what passes for the good life in a scientific age to the cottager, in the absence of gas and electricity. The one I like best is the paraffin-fuelled smoothing iron, a thing of sleek, chromiumed, enamelled beauty which would make as good an appearance as any electric iron on a television commercial. Yet since the Electricity Board's cables are swiftly reaching the last outposts of the countryside, it looks as if paraffin-driven apparatus, like the sailing ship, will be stopped short of the perfection it might otherwise attain, extinguished by a more fashionable, if not necessarily more convenient, and certainly more expensive, source of power.

* * *

The pleasantest and least efficient fuel is wood. In 14 years of country life I have learnt all the refinements of pleasure in a wood fire. To enjoy them you must know how the various woods will burn, and you must saw and cleave the logs yourself, to fit the fireplace. The only really suitable fireplace is an open hearth with a chimney big enough to allow the smoke to wander. We never burn soft wood: larch, particularly, is explosive. The only hard wood nearly as dangerous is sweet chestnut. Very old oak, for example the worm-damaged beams from an ancient house, burns exactly like very good coal. Elm will not burn unless it has had four years in the stack. Green ash burns bright, clean and hot. Apple makes a brisk, white-flamed, very hot fire, sweeter scented than any but a fire of cedar. An old, knotted log of thorn, dried for three years in the stack, will burn slowly for a week. Cherry, too, is good if dry, the logs sending forth streams of combustible gum burning with a many-coloured flame. As to the other fruits, peach and plum, damson and sloe, they are hardly destructible by fire at all.

The highest refinements of the log fire are procured by burning cedar or olive wood. Some rich Parisians of my acquaintance bring logs of olive from their southern estates to burn in the city, because of its great heat and its pure, white ash. Our wood fire is not lit more than once a year, about 15 October, whereafter, preserved alight in its own ashes every night, it burns until the end of May.

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City Lights

TAURUS

Its only when you get back from a place where even Lady Chatterley and Mr Gaitskell go unmentioned that you realise how much can happen in the City during a couple of weeks. There's Bank rate down a little at last, and nobody very surprised or excited about it: bank advances have still to fall, and unless there is a change in official policy the squeeze must soon tighten. The Germans are still dragging their feet, but it looks as if they mean to cut interest rates and announce a more realistic foreign aid programme at any moment. Their gold reserve is still rising, and the US Secretary of the Treasury who arrives there the week after next is quite ready to flourish the threat of a heavy bill for military support costs – Britain, of course, would be glad to do the same. Talks seem to be going on about an early, concerted move towards the state of formal convertibility which is now a year overdue, with the same aim of disposing of the German surplus. The speculative flurry in gold died down for a short time while the US picked its president, but the US is still losing gold heavily and the Sterling Area's gold reserve rose a little further during October. In any case, the flurry revived as the voting ended.

* * *

The terms of the government loan to Cunard, more parochially, have been stiffened. The steel market is vastly relieved to learn that Richard Thomas & Baldwins is not to be denationalised until investors can enjoy the fruits of its latest expansion programme without paying for it. Industrial production is as flat as ever and the HP debt is going down steadily. Debenhams, nearly as quickly on to a House of Lords decision as the Rank Organisation, is planning to give share options to 30 senior executives. GATT is in session, and the European mess is as messy as ever: even Cabinet ministers have now taken to making contradictory speeches on public occasions about policy.

And there has been an extraordinary spate of bids, mergers and working arrangements. The largest is the merger proposed between Coats and Paton & Baldwins, sewing threads and knitting threads, with Coats owning some three-quarters of joint assets of £130m: the two have worked together for some time in export markets and recently bought out together the Scotch Wool chain of shops. Nearly as big and quite as surprising is the merger planned between Mr Cotton's City Centre Properties and Mr Clore's City and Central Investments. Mr Clore, who is only a part-time property man, will be vice-chairman but will hold nearly a third of the new company's capital (it will be much the largest of the property companies): the value of his holding in City and Central has gone up from £8m to £21m since the company was floated a year ago. Both gentlemen have recently been frying fish in North America, and the merger may be a first step towards frying larger fish there still. The great question for property investors is whether other, similar mergers are on the way: a merger between Land Securities and Great Portland Estates, the two halves of the Samuel family, with the second already holding a prudent share in the first, is the favourite bet of the moment.

These giant mergers are only a beginning. Messrs Clore and Cotton (knowing about property) and Mr Delfont (knowing about show business) have tried and failed to get control of Moss Empires away from Prince Littler: Prince Littler happened to be chairman of Stoll, which held a large chunk of Moss Ordinary and put in a timely bid for Moss (voting) Preference. Pye is planning to merge with Ekco – without spare cash, it is bidding in shares and disappointing the bulls – and becoming the equal of Thorn and Philips in the TV field as well as acquiring a useful interest in plastics. Guinness has at last admitted that it is going in for lager: it is doing it, having no distribution system of its own, in combination with Courage-Barclay. It is also bidding together with Philips (which has a pharmaceutical division in Holland but no distribution system of its own in this country) for Crookes, which makes cod liver oil, vitamins and cosmetics: Guinness and sweets, lager and cod liver oil are no more strange a combination than many others. Dental Manufacturing, for example, is bidding for a firm which makes silencers.

What else? Rank, diversifying as ever, is to try its hand at petrol stations. Wolfson, not making much of Waring & Gillow, is selling its retail side to a Leeds store firm in exchange for a third of the store firm's equity. Wiggins Teape is combining with British-American Tobacco to expand their overseas paper interests: Reed is combining with an Italian firm to set up a packaging materials plant in Italy. Alcan, having formed a joint aluminium fabricating company with Enfield Rolling Mills, has taken a long lease on the aluminium smelting plant of John Dale: the fabricating war is hotting up. The great rush into North American property continues, with Eagle Star and Second Covent Garden Property putting up £6m for half the equity in a large Montreal skyscraper development: the property company stands to get its money back from the government proposal to take over Covent Garden market. Hudson Bay is extending its shop interests in Canada by acquiring a chain of department stores. Raglan Property is making another determined try to get hold of Letchworth.

Company News

Courtaulds was the worst disappointment of the week, with poor half-year figures and a warning that the year's profits, even taking in the Pinchin Johnson acquisition, would be down: the reason appears to be unprofitable trading in America.

The *British Motor Corporation* has comfortably reported profits up by over half to £32m and a dividend up from the equivalent of 18¼ to 20 per cent; *Rover* profits, static for some years, have also risen by over half to nearly £4m and the dividend is up from 13½ to 15⅝ per cent; *Rootes*' profits, by contrast, are up by only 10 per cent and the dividend is unchanged; the slump in North American sales – and the new price-cutting fashion – have yet to make themselves felt.

The *Fisons* accounts, which disclose a heavy surplus of idle cash, go a long way to explain the group's hitherto unexplained passion for takeover bids.

The issue market is active. The £5m *Lanarkshire* loan was helped by expectations of a cut in Bank rate and was 40 times oversubscribed: another £6m issue from *Coventry* has followed promptly. The *M. Samuel* issue, helped by some romantic publicity, was heavily stagged. *Guest Keen* has taken everyone aback by announcing a rights issue to raise no less than £22½m. *Rediffusion*, which sells TV on wires and believes strongly in investment allowances, is seeking to raise another £4½m.

Tube Investments, which raised its money early, is getting ready for its next issue with the announcement of a £60m plan to double its steel production.

The Chess Board

No. 574, The Winning Idea

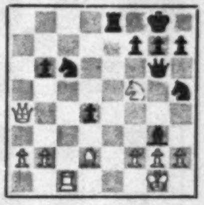
It needn't be one's own. Just as a multitude of jokes are mere variations of some relatively few 'basic' ones, just so most combinative ideas and endgame finesses have an element of *déja vu*. Hence the superior player's advantage of having played (or seen) a multitude of such positions, thereby carrying in his subconscious mind a larger store of such useful memories than a less experienced player might be blessed with; and hence the practical advantage of adding to such store of memories by regular perusal of other people's combinations and endgame studies. Take this position neatly won by Rossolimo in 1950. /7R/6p1/6rP/K7/8/k7/16/. After 1) P-R7, R-KR3 Black (if he was inexperienced) may well have thought that he had nothing to worry about; after all, he could always keep his King hiding behind the broad back of his adversary, thus never giving the White Rook the chance of a check. True enough, but he hadn't bargained for a very neat little *finesse*. 2) K-Kt5, K-Kt6; 3) K-B5, K-B6; 4) K-Q5, K-Q6; 5) K-K5, K-K6; 6) K-B5, K-B6; 7) R-KB8!!; there it is. Black has to play . . . RxP, only to lose his rook next move by 8) K-Kt6 ch. Rossolimo certainly didn't have to rely on his own ingenuity to produce that winning idea. In one form or another it has cropped up frequently in master practice and even more so in endgame studies; and as likely as not Rossolimo enjoyed the useful memory of two Selesniev studies:

/24/4kr1P/7K/16/7R/. White's only way to force the win is 1) P-R6, K-B3; 2) P-R7, K-Kt2; 3) P=Q ch, KxQ; 4) K-Kt4 ch. And here's the other one: /16/1k1P4/24/1r6/R3K3/ The only way is 1) P-Q7, K-B2; 2) P=Q ch, KxQ; 3) 0-0-0 ch., etc.

Now here (F. Palatz 1937) is a 3-mover neatly illustrating a very famous and frequently used idea. /4B3/Kp1Kt4/8/k1Kt5/1pP5/1p3p1r/8/7b/. 1) Kt-K5 threatens two mates by the other Knight. Black's only way to counter both of them is . . . P-B7; but now the Knight 'interferes' by 3) Kt-B3!!, and if Black captures it with either Rook or Bishop, the White Knight can inflict the mate at Kt7 or Kt3 respectively. And here (reported by K. Richter) is a game position, in which the knowledge of such problems helped White to employ the same idea for a forcible win. /r6k/1p2R2p / 3p1p1Q / p1q2br1 / 8 / 1P4Kt1 / P1P3PP/5R1K/. The 'interference' idea, soon to revert, is already at work, in as much as Black can't protect his BP against the Queen. Obviously, to interpose either Rook or Bishop at Kt3 would allow mate at R2 or Kt2 respectively. The sequel:

1) . . . BxP; 2) QxBP ch, K-Kt1; 3) Q-B7 ch, K-R1; 4) Kt-B5!!; the same old idea again, and the rest is obvious! . . . BxKt; 5) Q-B6 ch, K-Kt1; 6) QxR ch, B-Kt3; 7) Q-B6, resigns.

A: I. A. Horowitz 1949



The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position achieved in a simultaneous display. How did White force resignation by one move? For 6 & 7 ladder-points both **B** and **C** are wins, and both very witty; the former should be quite a bargain thanks to my useful hint that what matters is whether the RP or QP is to be promoted. Usual prizes. Entries by 21 November.

B: G. Bernhardt 1960: /8/P7/2PP4/8/b5pp/5ppk/8/4Kt2K/.

C: A. A. Troitzky 1897: /4B3/8/6Kt1/5p2/1r4p1/6pk/7b/4K2Q/.

REPORT on No. 571. Set 22 October

A: 1) . . . B-B3; 2) QxKt ch!, QxQ; 3) R-Q8 ch, B-K1 4) RxB mate.

B: 1) RxP, P-K7; 2) R-Q2!, P=Q; 3) R-K2 ch, QxR stalemate.

C: 1) R-Kt3, P-K7; 2) R-K3, B-R4; 3) K-Kt4, P-B4; 4) K-B3, P-B5 5) K-Q2! PxR; 6) K-K1 etc.

Prizes: E. A. Barclay-Smith, K. Beaumont, W. H. L. Brooking, J. Mundy, D. H. R. Stallybrass.

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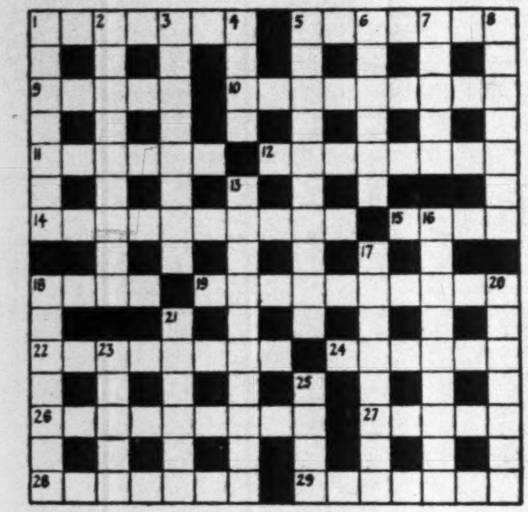
Week-end Crossword 431

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 431, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 22 November.



ACROSS

1. Bare success for the premier (7).
5. First Scot? He knew how to prepare the way (7).
9. Undergrowth as a disguise (5).
10. Child shot to pieces in the scullery (9).
11. Period for gloss (6).
12. Worn-out creed revised before the grave (8).
14. Birds make their mark on posters (10).
15. Roman deeds (4).
18. Dead with a general in the trench (4).
19. Chief motive of mater in mating season (10).
22. Scoops me extraordinarily and prepares for press (8).
24. The scientist is right in the place for rubbish (6).
26. Ludicrous imitation (9).
27. Gem state (5).
28. Unpunctual, yet inside there is preparation for baby (7).
29. Composed and arranged in the aviary (7).

DOWN

1. In mixed club company I am rustic (7).
2. Animals exist on their reputation (9).
3. Military uniform for prison official (8).
4. '——, and becks, and wreathed smiles' (Milton) (4).
5. When a lot are removed from this collection I dispose of about a hundred (10).
6. The philosopher is almost a guide (6).
7. Grow faint as the penniless dead rise (5).
8. Without a cap the wise one would become a mother (7).
13. Roguish with resentment about responsibilities (10).
16. Leader wrongly hit in face (9).
17. Work both ways on the lot across the way (8).
18. Sound measure for upsetting bed lice (7).
20. Actress who puts drink above wealth (7).
21. People in a word have importance (6).
23. 'To —— is to domesticate the Recording Angel' (Stevenson) (5).
25. Preserve an old building (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 429

C	A	T	A	C	O	M	B	■	H	O	L	M	E	S
L	■	O	■	H	■	I	■	■	■	P	■	E	■	U
O	U	T	W	A	R	D	S	■	S	P	A	R	E	S
V	■	T	■	I	■	D	■	■	■	O	■	R	■	P
E	T	E	R	N	A	L	■	M	I	S	S	I	L	E
R	■	R	■	E	■	E	■	I	■	E	■	E	■	N
■	■	■	■	D	A	M	A	S	K	R	O	S	E	S
T	■	I	■	■	■	A	■	C	■	■	■	T	■	E
W	I	N	G	F	O	R	W	A	R	D	■	■	■	■
I	■	T	■	R	■	C	■	R	■	U	■	S	■	A
N	O	R	W	I	C	H	■	R	U	B	I	C	O	N
S	■	U	■	E	■	■	■	I	■	I	■	O	■	O
E	N	D	I	N	G	■	C	A	R	O	L	L	E	D
T	■	E	■	D	■	■	■	G	■	U	■	D	■	E
S	T	R	E	S	S	■	P	E	R	S	I	S	T	S

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

OXFORD UNIVERSITY

Department of Social and Administrative Studies

It is proposed to appoint a TUTOR IN SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC HISTORY as from 1 October 1961: candidates may with advantage have an interest in problems of industrial administration: stipend on scale £1.050 x 50 – £1,400 x 75 – £1,850, with superannuation.

Applications, with names of three referees and an account of the applicant's qualifications, should be sent by 31 December to the Secretary, Barnett House, Wellington Square, Oxford, from whom further particulars can be obtained.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY

Department of Social and Administrative Studies

It is proposed to appoint a TUTOR IN SOCIAL WORK to supervise the professional training of intending child care officers, the appointment to begin on 1 April 1961: Candidates should have a suitable academic background, high qualifications in social casework, and experience in relevant social services: stipend on scale £1,050 x 50 – £1,400 x 75 – £1,850, with superannuation.

Applications, with names of three referees and an account of the applicant's qualifications, should be sent by 31 December to the Secretary, Barnett House, Wellington Square, Oxford, from whom further particulars can be obtained.

THE UNIVERSITY OF LEEDS

Department of Economics and Commerce

Applications are invited for appointment as Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in Accountancy in the Department of Economics and Commerce. Salary on the scale £1,050 x £50 – £1,400 x £75 – £1,850 (efficiency bar at £1,550), a year for a Lecturer, or within the range £800 – £950 a year for an Assistant Lecturer, according to age, qualifications and experience. The duties consist mainly of teaching in connection with the Joint Scheme operated by the Universities and the accountancy profession. Candidates should have a good honours degree preferably in Economics or Commerce and practical experience in Accountancy and, preferably, professional qualifications. Applications (three copies) stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than 7 December 1960.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

DEVON COUNTY COUNCIL

HEALTH EDUCATION OFFICER

Applications are invited for this new post from candidates with appropriate experience and qualifications. Applicants will be required to co-ordinate and advise field staff on health education activities. Salary Scale APT III, £960-£1,140. Possession of the Diploma in Content and Methods of Health Education is desirable.

Further particulars and application forms are obtainable from the

County Medical Officer,
45 St David's Hill, Exeter,

and should be returned by
26 November 1960.

DERBYSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL

County Health Department
Child Guidance Service

Applications are invited from QUALIFIED PSYCHIATRIC SOCIAL WORKERS for appointments in the above Service. Other staff include two Consultant Children's Psychiatrists; a non-medical Psychotherapist; and Educational Psychologists who work in this Service as well as in the Schools Psychological Service. Secretarial assistance is provided. Diagnostic and treatment sessions are held at various Clinics and close co-operation exists with two County Council Hostels for maladjusted children, which facilitates continuity of treatment.

Salary £740 p.a. – £1,000 p.a., and service conditions according to Whitley Council recommendations. (Two Saturday mornings off duty a month). Superannuation. Car allowance; assisted car purchase scheme. Canvassing disqualifies.

Particulars and application forms obtainable from Dr J. B. S. Morgan, County Medical Officer, County Offices, Matlock.

TUTOR-companion for 2 boys 11 and 9 London Xmas holiday part-time; young, experienced academic. Box 8478.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

HOUSEMOTHERS:
MILE OAK APPROVED SCHOOL

This approved school for 80 junior boys is being reorganised into 3 houses and applications are invited for two positions of HOUSEMOTHERS. The main duties will include assisting the housemasters in organising and developing the home life of a house of boys. The housemothers will provide the necessary feminine influence, and must have a general interest in, and sympathy with, difficult adolescent boys and a strong wish to work with them and on their behalf. Salary: £525-£555, less £138 for board, lodging, etc. 4 weeks annual leave. Apply to:

Children's Officer (SEDO/NS/2848/11), LCC, The County Hall, SE1.

BBC requires Education Officer in North Western Division, based Manchester. Honours degree and wide educational experience including experience of teaching in school and thorough knowledge of the educational system desirable. Duties include visiting schools and holding meetings and discussions with teachers and educational bodies. Salary £1,230 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,580 max. p.a. Requests for application forms and for further particulars (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.558 N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

BBC requires Language Supervisor for African Service in French (British subject). Duties consist mainly in checking accuracy and, where possible, style of translations of news bulletins and talks from English into French, and following broadcasts in the studio. Candidates must have first-class knowledge of and complete fluency in French. Good general knowledge of and interest in African affairs and previous residence or travel in West and Equatorial Africa an advantage. Salary £1,230 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,580 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting ref 60.G.550 N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, Ldn, W1, within five days.

MUSEUMS Association reqs secretary with shorthand-typing, 5-day week, intg work. Apply 33 Fitzroy St, W1. MUS. 4600.

RESIDENTIAL NURSERY—
DEPUTY SUPERINTENDENT

Deputy Superintendent (resident) required at Nanhurst, a residential training nursery near Cranleigh, Surrey, for 70 children 0-7 years, deprived of normal home life. Previous residential experience essential and nursing qualifications desirable.

Salary (under review) probably £720 x £25 – £795, less £138 for board, lodging and laundry. 6 weeks leave, inclding Bank Holidays.

Apply

CHILDREN'S OFFICER,
(WDO/NS/2838/11), LCC, COUNTY HALL, SE1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Chair of Psychology. Applications are invited for a newly established second Chair within the Department of Psychology. The successful applicant will be jointly responsible with the McCaughey Professor of Psychology for the administration of the Department of Psychology. Each Professor, together with whoever occupies the Associate Professorship already in the Department, will be responsible for the immediate supervision of the teaching and research in one subdivision of the whole field (e.g. General Experimental Psychology, Abnormal and Clinical Psychology, Individual Differences and Measurement), to be determined after consultation between the two Professors. Salary will be at the rate of £A4,250 per annum, plus cost of living adjustments. There is retirement provision under either the Sydney University Professorial Superannuation Scheme or the New South Wales State Superannuation Scheme. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme, in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. The Senate reserves the right to fill the Chair by invitation. A statement of Conditions of Appointment and Information for Candidates may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in Australia and London on 31 January 1961.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Senior Lectureship in German. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position. The salary for a Senior Lecturer is within the range £A2,550 x 95 – £3,000 per annum, plus cost of living adjustments and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in Australia and London on 19 Dec. 1960.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Lectureship in Economic History. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,730 x 105 – £2,435 per annum, plus cost of living adjustments and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. Applications close in Australia and London on 21 December 1960.

RESIDENT Assistant Housemother required by Kent County Council in Grouped Cottage Home, Eastry, near Sandwich (85 children 3-15 years). Salary £390 x £15 to £420 x £20 to £480 a year less £120 a year emoluments. Application forms from Children's Officer, County Hall, Maidstone.

MAKERERE College, The University College of East Africa. Applications are invited for three Resident Tutorships in Department of Extra-Mural Studies. Appointees will work in first instance in (i) Coastal area of Kenya centred on Mombasa, (ii) Nyanza area of Kenya centred on Kisumu, and (iii) Western Province of Uganda. Salary scale (under revision): £1,200 – £1,845 p.a. Entry point determined by qualifications and experience. FSSU. Child allowance £50 p.a. per child (max. £150 p.a.). Passages for appointee and family (up to four adult passages) on appointment, termination and leave (three months every 21 months). Part-furnished quarters at low controlled rental or housing allowance in lieu. Detailed applications (6 copies) naming 3 referees by 20 December 1960 to Secretary, Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 29 Woburn Square, London, WC1, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

UGANDA Youth Council. Organiser of Training for Youth Leaders. The Council invites applications from suitably qualified persons for the post of Organiser of Training for Youth Leaders. This is a new post, giving opportunity for pioneer work, made possible by a grant from the Joseph Rowntree Memorial Trust. The work requires someone experienced in Youth Work and, if possible, in training. The duties will include both training and the supervision of students in their clubs. Knowledge of the African background would be an advantage. Most of the work will be with men and boys. The appointment will be for 2 years in the first instance and should begin as soon as possible. Salary from £850 to £1,200 per annum according to qualifications and experience. Passage, transport and housing at reasonable rent will be provided. Applications, which should include the names of 3 referees, should be made before 31 January 1961 to: Dr Edna M Lind, Makerere College, Box 262, Kampala, Uganda, from whom further particulars can be obtained.

DEPARTMENT of Scientific and Industrial Research: Principal Scientific Officer, Building Research Station, Garston, near Watford, Herts. Pensionable post in team engaged on operational research in building, for man or woman with a 1st or 2nd class honours degree (or equivalent) in a scientific or mathematical subject, or high professional attainment. Experience in operational research essential; experience in use of mathematical and statistical techniques desirable. The post offers considerable scope for application of operational research to a wide range of building problems. Salary scale (men) £1,600 – £2,275. Starting pay may be above minimum. Write Civil Service Commission, 17 North Audley St, London, W1, for application form, quoting S/5221/60. Closing date 9 December 1960.

LONDON County Council. Psychotherapist required to work 6 half-days a week at Battersea Child Guidance Unit with psychiatrist, educational psychologist and psychiatric social worker as team. Applicants should have undertaken specialised training in psychotherapy, including analysis with children and should possess appropriate academic qualification or experience, preferably an honours degree in psychology or its recognised equivalent. Salary: £994 10s. Form and particulars from Medical Officer of Health (D1/NS/2874/11), County Hall, SE1. Closing date 28 November.

LONDON County Council. Mental Welfare Officer (man or woman), preferably holding social science qualification, required for duties under Mental Health Act 1959 as member of team of mental health social workers in one of the nine health divisions of the county. Also required to undertake weekend and evening duty on rota basis at County Hall and may occasionally in emergencies be required to do night duty. £740 – £1,060, commencing according to qualifications and experience. Married women eligible. Details and form from Medical Officer of Health (D1/NS/2896/11), County Hall, SE1. Closing date 28 November.

MIDDLESEX County Council Education Dept. (1) Psychiatric Social Worker (full-time) reqd at new Child Guidance Centre, Church Lane, Kingsbury, NW9. PTA salary £740-£1,000 plus London Weighting. Application forms from Borough Education Officer, Education Offices, 65 Forty Avenue, Wembley, returnable by 29 November. Children's Dept. (2) Supervisor reqd at St Helena's Remand Home for Girls, Ealing, W13. Salary £560-£640 less £120 p.a. for board & lodging. 5 weeks holiday p.a., 1½ days off p. wk, with other liberal off duty time. Duties consist of supervising girls age 16 & under at housework, games & crafts. Application form (send s.a.f'scap e.) from Children's Officer, 20 Vauxhall Bridge Rd, SW1, returnable by 12 Dec. Both posts: Prescribed condits. (Quote D.462 NS & N).

EXPERIENCED caseworker required as Fieldwork Organiser of the Leicester Family Service Unit. Opportunity for developing important family casework service. Duties include staff supervision, student training, some casework. Psychiatric consultation available. Salary on scale £725/35/1,145. Full details from Secretary, FSU, 25 St Mary's Grove, London, N1.

UNIVERSITY of London Library. Applications are invited for an Assistant in charge of Slide Collection. Successful applicant will be required to take charge of collection of 90,000 lantern slides in field of Fine Arts and should have qualifications in Art History, together with some relevant experience. Initial salary will be on scale £600 x £25 – £750 or £800 x £30 – £950 according to age, qualifications and experience. Apply, in writing, giving details of age, qualifications, experience and names and addresses of two referees to Goldsmiths' Librarian, University of London, Senate House, WC1, by 18 November.

BRENTWOOD Recuperative Centre for mothers and children, at Marple, Cheshire, requires an Assistant Warden. Brentwood is a residential centre for mothers in need of care and training and their young children. It aims to improve the health of the mothers and children and to train mothers for home management and child care. Applicants should preferably have social study qualifications and some experience. For further information, please write giving brief particulars of qualifications and experience to The General Secretary, Community Council of Lancashire, Selnec House, Manchester 14.

GENERAL Secretary for organising the work of Wandsworth Old People's Welfare. Degree or Diploma in Social Science with practical experience. Or wide experience of Social work. Full-time clerical help. Salary £700-£800, according to Whitley award. Application form from Chairman, Wandsworth Old People's Welfare Council, 16 South Side, London, SW4.

NATIONAL Council of YMCA's. Kingsgate College, Broadstairs, Kent. A resident housekeeper is required as soon as possible to take charge of the kitchen and domestic staff in this College which provides short residential courses for adults. Salary: £395 p.a. x £35 – £600 plus accommodation and full board. Applications giving details of experience and the names of two referees should be sent to the Secretary at the College.

AS a result of the retirement of the present Matron, The Jewish Blind Society invites applications for the post of Matron at its Bournemouth Holiday Home. Persons with nursing experience should apply to The Secretary, 1 Craven Hill, London, W2.

EXPERIENCED Woman Club Leader aged 27-35 reqd to work as member of staff team. Mixed Youth Club and Senior Groups. Social Science qualifications advantage. Application: General Secretary, YWCA, East Acton Lane, W3.

BODENHAM Manor School, Nr Hereford. Two teachers, man and woman, are required immediately. The ability to teach crafts, particularly woodwork, would be a recommendation. The Managers also invite applications for the posts of Head Teacher and of Matron. The teachers' salaries in accordance with the Burnham Scale, plus emoluments for out of school supervision. Bodenham Manor School is a residential school for 32 maladjusted boys between the ages of 8 and 16 years and is under the Wardenship of W. David Wills. Further partics from Mrs H. A. Rees, Secretary to the Managers, 23 Laburnum Rd, Bourneville, Birmingham 30.

WE would like to have with us an enthusiastic teacher to participate in the worthwhile life of a girls' boarding school, able to teach typing/shorthand plus some other subjects. Brereton Hall School, Sandbach, Cheshire.

INSTRUCTOR in English (full-time or part-time) reqd by Correspondence School. Journalistic experience a recommendation but not essential. Write fully (in confidence), giving details of age, experience and qualifications, to Box 8576.

BRITISH Drama League invites applications from qualified librarians to undertake specialized tasks in connection with the cataloguing of the League's Library. Candidates should have considerable experience in cataloguing and bibliographical research, a knowledge of both publication and of drama and theatre. Minimum contract three years. A salary commensurate with the importance of the task will be paid. Applications marked Cataloguer within ten days to: The Administrator, 9 Fitzroy Square, W1.

SCIENTIFIC Publishers (London) have a full-time editorial vacancy for a young man or woman with a degree in Chemistry or its equivalent. Some experience of editorial work, though not essential, would be an advantage. Apply Box 8491.

LEADING London Printers, renowned for intelligent working, have opening for man aged 20-35 to join selling staff. Experience in some aspect of printing is essential. Write stating curriculum vitae to Sales Director, Box 8472.

TRAVEL Service (London Office) offers interesting position with responsibility to executive capable of handling hotel bookings etc., on Continent or in Britain. Typing essential; shorthand and knowledge of languages (German, French or Italian) definite advantage. Box 8492.

CIVILISED and educated lady to assist with care of professional man's two young daughters (8 & 9). Children very welcome. East Midlands. Box 8551.

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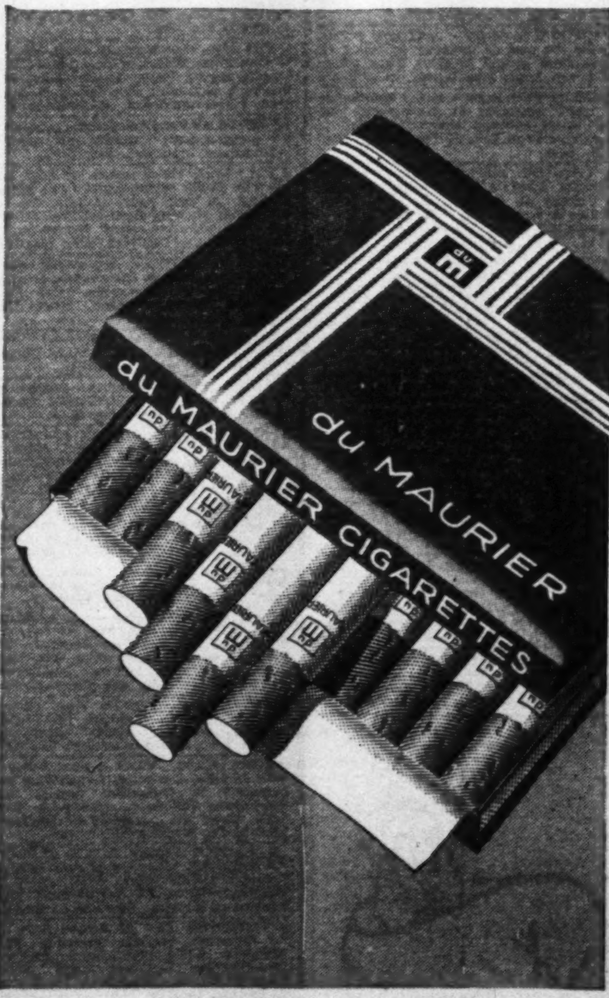

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

NEW Left Review shortly requiring business manager, typing, business experience desirable. References reqd. Salary according to exp. Applications: Box 8587.

PAPERBACKS – Revolution or Evolution? Established Company has opening for manager to develop existing wholesale service. Successful applicant will be expected to carry out research into presentation at sales outlets; to introduce new accounts with departmental etc. stores, and to control sm. staff. Commencing £1,000 p.a. plus car. Gd prospects. W.B.S., 27 Links Rd, Ashtead, Surrey.

BOOK Buyer requires a young lady with initiative for Secretarial duties. A high typing standard is required and good shorthand would be a distinct advantage. Pleasant conditions of work in an office with one other young lady. City location. Box 8353.

YOUNG lady wanted as resident hostess and part-time teacher at School of English for foreigners, Central London. Post includes accom., board and £5 remuneration per week. PARk 0387.

EXPERIENCED Clerical Assistants required by Trade Union Office, with knowledge of book-keeping or typing, opportunity for advancement. Salary according to TU scales. Apply Association of Scientific Workers, 15 Half Moon Street, W1. GRO. 4761.

SECRETARY-Receptionist. Required for responsible position in Architects' office. Must have good shorthand-typing and knowledge of accounts. Interesting work in congenial surroundings. Write or phone Max Lock & Partners, 109 Great Russell Street, London, WC1. MUS. 2193.

RESIDENT Secretary, interested in social work, required for Bede House, Bermondsey, London, SE16, starting 1 Jan. Shorthand & typing experience necessary.

CAPABLE secretary interested African affairs required immediately. Able write own letters and run office. Phone EUSton 5786 for appointment.

EDITOR'S Secretary – A vacancy occurs for the post of secretary to editor of professional journal (weekly). 5-day week. Gd salary. Apply Mrs Barnett, HOL. 8967.

PUBLISHERS require senior shorthand-typist interested in photography for position of editorial secretary. Write or ring Focal Press Ltd, 31 Fitzroy Sq., W1. EUS. 4294.

A GENUINE selection of attractive office posts. Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq., W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

SECRETARY required for Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. Apply in writing to Mrs Nuttall, WILPF, 29 Gt James St, London, WC1.

PARLIAMENT re-assembled, secretaries reassured of a good job from Winifred Johnson, Office Staff Bureau, 114 Holborn, EC1, next to Gamages. HOL. 0390.

SEC. 25/30 for international finance organisation, W1. Salary £700. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

SYBIL Topham of Dutton's Agy wishes to interview (a) experienced Shorthand/copy typists for temporary staff (b) competent Secretaries for interesting posts £650-£800 92 Gt Russell Street. WC1 MUS 7379.

MEDICAL Secretaries and Receptionists required for Drs, Dentists and Hospitals. Perm. and temp. M. & S. Agency, 32 Queen Victoria St, EC4 CITy 7131.

RELIABLE, educated Mother's help wanted (child not objected to) for Oxford University family, 2 boys (4 & 6). Car driver preferred. Ample help. Write with references Mrs Jackson, The Manor House, Brill, Bucks.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

EXPD secretary, English and German shorthand sks intg change. Box 8441.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

SECRETARY, experienced foreign service, medical, author, etc. seeks resident post or other. Box 8359.

EX-teacher aged 40 seeks residential post, adult education centre. Diverse interests. Own car. Box 8506.

HONS. graduate French-German, f., 35, seeks release from teaching for rest of lifetime, pref. working in Marseilles. Translating? Can type, drive, etc. Suggestions welcomed. Box 8455.

INTELLIGENT young man, 25, requires job for the next six mnths. Box 8568.

PERSONAL

EDUCATED woman expd secretary (sh./typ.) fluent German, French, seeks worthwhile work unpaid/paid (welfare, cultural, education etc.). Three mornings weekly. Accessible NW11. Box 8563.

PENNILESS Hungarian student (m., 28) seeks London home. Will do any job in return. Box 8513.

STUDENT 24 (m), impecunious, sks work, any type, 10 Dec.-4 Jan. Box 8525.

SPAIN. Anyone like share yng Engl. cple's villa winter mths? Box 8328.

MOTHER, children 5, 6, wd housekeep for working mother's/father's children during school holidays exch. for board. London area. Refs. Box 8457.

WHO is willing to offer a home to refugees from South African suppression? Many arrive without a penny or a document, feeling lonely and little acquainted with conditions here. Box 8514.

YAS Mina Orphanage, home for 100 Algerian Refugees. Need for support urgently requested. They have suffered greatly. Collections of old spectacles and dentures bring good prices. Please help us. Collections to War On Want, 9 Madeley Rd., Ealing, W5. Carol parties helped us greatly last year.

STH Devon, unaccompanied childn welc. for Christmas holidays, or longer, in comfort. country manor. Happy family atmos. Mrs Baudouy, Netherton Hse, Combe-in-Teignhead, Nr Newton Abbot. Tel. Shaldon 3251.

BRISTOL University student (f), vegetarian, seeks congenial household where friendly independence respected. Box 8496.

HOLLAND. Dutch teacher of Engl. and wife invite paying-guests from March to Sept. to their home in bulb and sea area, daily showing them Holland in own car. Also some colleagues' houses to let. R. Hinloopen, Delftlaan 339, Haarlem.

EX-HOUSEMOTHER and family would welcome children for holidays in rural home. Mrs B. Anscombe, The Mill, Abington Pigotts, Royston, Herts. Tel. Steeple Morden 313.

WOULD Almoner interested joint appointment with N. London Council for After Care write Box 8452.

LIVE wire representative, willing to travel, required by marionette theatre to obtain engagements. Box 8571.

BALLET, modern, creative, educational, classes for adults, children. Relaxing, stimulating for persons of all professions. Hilde Holger School, 27 Oval Road, Regents Park, London, NW1. GUL. 6822.

ENJOY a Savile Row cut suit individually tailored to order in the finest materials, from 25 gns. H. R. Roberts, 38 Brewer St, London, W1. Phone GER. 4085.

UNIVERSITY Women's Club, 2 Audley Square, W1, has a few vacancies for town members. Apply the Secretary.

WANT New Friends? – Graduates and professional men and women, 20-30ish, will find others at Samovar Club. Entertainments, dances, talks, etc. Nominal subscription. Write Membership Secretary for details. 108 Baker St, W1.

STAMPS. Lady beginner seeks albums, loose stamps, envelopes, for forming general collection. Gifts appreciated. Letters from abroad welcomed. Box 8385.

QUAKERISM. Would anyone living in Llandeilo, Lampeter, Carmarthen area interested in Quakerism contact June Rawlinson, Hafodwen, Llansawel, Llandeilo, about the possibility of starting a Meeting for Worship in the area.

A FAMILY History. A team of experts undertakes Genealogical and Heraldic Research and Art Work. Write first: C. R. Humphery-Smith, 239 Staines Road West, Sunbury-on-Thames, Middlesex, England.

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LECTURES, etc—contd from p.764

PERSONALIST Group. R. G. Miles on 'A New Way into the Mind', Thurs. 17 Nov., Conway Hall, 7.30 p.m.

PACIFIST Universalist Service, 3.30 Sun. 13 Nov. 5 Caledonian Rd, Kings X. Derek Bryan OBE, MA, 'China & Peace'.

PROGRESSIVE League. 'Man-Woman Relationship – A Swedish Viewpoint' by Sten Sunfeldt, 27 Nov. For details of this & other activities including Country Dancing, Play Reading, Parents' Group etc. send s.a.e. to Lobstein, Jordans, Bucks.

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18 Nov. Tannhäuser

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. 8, Th. 2.30, S. 5 & 8. 'This Way to the Tomb'. Mems.

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CONCERTS

MERMAID THEATRE (CITy 7656)
SUNDAY 13 NOV. at 7.30.
SONGS AND CELLO MUSIC

Dorothy Dorow, Soprano, Accompanied by Richard Rodney Bennett. Joan Dickson, Cello. Iain Hamilton, Piano. Cello Sonata IAIN HAMILTON (First performance in London). Machardo Songs DALLAPICCOLA. This Worlde's Joie RICHARD RODNEY BENNETT (First performance). Serenade for solo cello HANS WERNER HENZE.

Tickets 5s., 8s. 6d., 12s. 6d. from Theatre. Full details of Mermaid 'Music on Sundays' on application to Publicity Office.

CONCERT in support of the Defence & Aid Fund administered by Christian Action. Royal Festival Hall, Friday 18 Nov. at 11 p.m. (ending at 12.15 a.m. approx.) Norma Procter, Peter Pears, Yehudi Menuhin, Benjamin Britten. Sonata for violin & piano (Mozart); Coridon & Mopsa (Purcell); Two Canzonets (Morley); Partita No. 3 for solo violin (Bach); Canticle No. 2 (Abraham & Isaac) (Britten); Duet from Cantata No. 66 (Bach). 63s. to 7s. 6d. from Christian Action (CIT. 6869) or at Hall (WAT. 3191). Management: Basil Douglas Ltd. (MAY. 5091).

LONDON Harpsichord Ensemble. Concert of 18th Century Music by Vivaldi, Buxtehude, Corelli, Bach. Royal Festival Hall, Recital Room. Sat. 19 Nov., 7.45. WAT. 3191.

HORNIMAN Museum, London Road, Forest Hill, SE23 – Free Concerts on Wednesday Evenings at 7.45 p.m. 16 November: Dances and Music of Ceylon. Anura and Company. Seats may be reserved on application to the Curator. Light refreshments available 7.0-7.40 p.m.

CONCERTS—continued

VIOLIN and Piano Recital by Henry Holst and Frank Merrick, in aid of The Gerard Heller Memorial Quartet Fund. Conway Hall, WC1. Tuesday, 15 Nov., 7.30 p.m. Tickets: 10s., 7s., 4s. at Hall on night or from Miss Forster, 26 Fitzroy Square, W1.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY (GER. 2981) Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (Ex. Suns). Comédie Française in Le Mariage de Figaro (A)

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. 5th Japanese Film season. Until 13 Nov.: 'The Burmese Harp' (X). From 14 Nov.: 'Living' (A).

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to Cosmo Combo and his Group. Saturday 12 November, 8-11 p.m. Members 3s. Non-members 5s. Non-members will not be admitted unless accompanied by a member.

EXHIBITIONS

NEW LONDON GALLERY
17/18 Old Bond Street, W1.
(Associated Marlborough Fine Art Ltd)
Opening Exhibition:
GEORGES MATHIEU, Paintings & Water-colours.
Admission free. 10-5, Sats 10-12.
28 Oct.-26 Nov.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. Mayfair 4419. 14 Nov. to 3 Dec. Giardelli, Robin Davis, Don Tibbenham. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1.

REX Whistler 1905-1944. Memorial exhibition. Arts Council exhibition Victoria & Albert Museum. Till 18 Dec. Weekdays 10-6; Suns. 2.30-6. Adm. free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Sculptures & Paintings by Bryan Kneale; New Paintings by Derek Middleton. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1 p.m. Closes 25 Nov.

MARLBOROUGH, 39 Old Bond Street, W1. Oskar Kokoschka in England and Scotland. Paintings and watercolours. First Kokoschka Exhibition in London since 1927. In aid of Children & Youth Aliyah and Save the Children Fund. 9 Nov.-15 Dec. Daily 11-5. Sats. 10.30-12.30.

LEIGHTON House Art Gallery, 12 Holland Park Rd, W14. Paintings by Osterweil. 9-26 Nov. Mon.-Fri. 11-7. Sat. 11-5.

KAPLAN Gallery, 6 Duke Street, St James's, SW1: Leonor Fini – Paintings. Until 3 Dec. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Cesar – Sculpture. Until 18 November Daily 10-5.30 Sats 10-1

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. Frederick Feigl & Michael Foreman. 10-5.30, Thurs. 10-1, Sat. 10-7.

ST GEORGE'S Gallery Prints. John Watson: Lithographs of the Racecourse. 1-26 November. Wkdays 10-6, Sats 10-1. 7 Cork St, W1. REG. 3660.

MOLTON Gallery. Baram – Paintings & Collages. 26 Oct.-19 Nov. 44 South Molton Street, W1. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1.

CEYLON: a painters' country. South London Art Gallery, Peckham Rd, SE5. Until 19 Nov. Wkdays 10-6, Suns 3-6. Free.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1 Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680, Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions Mon.-Fri., 10-5 Adm Free

THE Waddington Galleries: Aspects: Frost, Heath, Heron, Hilton, Scott, Vaughan, Wells, Wynter. 10-6, Sats 10-1. 2 Cork St, W1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St, W1. Robin Philipson: Paintings; First London Exhibition. (Weekdays 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1). Closing 19 Nov.

ANSWER 1960 Voices, photographs, products describe community life for mentally handicapped adults. Pollock Toy Museum, 44 Monmouth St, WC2. 10-7.30 daily, Sat. 10-1. 15-26 Nov. Nr Leics. Sq./Tottenham Court Rd.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

WILSON Steer (1860-1942), Tate Gallery. Arts Council exhibition. 11 Nov.-11 Dec. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs. 10-8; Sun. 2-6. Admn 2s. 6d.

AIA Gallery, 15 Lisle St, WC2. Starting A Collection – Exhib. arranged by special committee to inform about paintings by living artists. Open 11-8, Sats 11-4.

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. The Mysterious Sign. Until 3 December. Daily 10-6, Sats. 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free.

EVERYMAN, Hampstead. 7 Nov.-2 Dec. Exhibition: New Etchings by Margret Kroch-Frishman.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

WATSON CHAIR LECTURES
LORD JAMES OF RUSHOLME
High Master of the Manchester Grammar School
will deliver four
Lectures on
EDUCATION AND DEMOCRATIC IDEAS
15, 16, 22, 23 November
Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 5.30 p.m.

Gustave Tuck Theatre, University College London, Gower Street, WC1. Admission free, without ticket.

FILM VIEWING SESSION
Saturday 19 November, 2.30 to 8 p.m.
Friends House, Euston Rd, NW1

Recent films on nuclear weapons, refugees, war on want, apartheid incl. the 1960 Aldermaston, Danilo Dolci's work and 'Come Back Africa!' Tickets 2s. 6d., tea tickets 1s. 6d. with s.a.e. from Friends Peace Committee.

P.E.N. HERMON OULD MEMORIAL LECTURE – 1960

SIR ISAIAH BERLIN lectures on TOLSTOY AND ENLIGHTENMENT

in Friends' House, Euston Road, London, NW1, at 7 p.m. (doors open 6.30). WEDNESDAY, 23 NOVEMBER. Chairman:–Dr C. V. Wedgwood. Tickets available in advance: P.E.N., 62 Glebe Place, London, SW3, at 3s. 6d. each: remittance and s.a.e. are necessary.

ALAN PATON
(President of the South African Liberal Party, author of 'Cry – The Beloved Country')

will speak at Church House, Westminster, at 7.30 p.m. on MONDAY, 28 NOVEMBER on the occasion of the Annual Meeting of Christian Action.

Tickets price 2s. 6d. Reserved, 1s. Unreserved from The Secretary, 2 Amen Court, Lond., EC4 (CITy 6869).

LONDON NLR CLUB
Monday, 14 November, PARTISAN Basement, 7 Carlisle St, W1.

THE US PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION:
Jim Garst
8 p.m.

Members 1s., non-members 1s. 6d.

CND: a group of supporters who served in the forces during the Wars will lay a wreath on the Cenotaph on Sun. 13 Nov. Assembly Horse Guards Ave. 3.15. Inf: HIG. 9912.

ART Workers Guild, 6 Queen Sq., WC1. Open Meeting (with members of the Society of Industrial Artists): Fri. 18 Nov. 7 p.m. Mr Paul Reilly on 'Industrial Design To-day'. Entrance free. Refreshments.

SHOLOKHOV, Russia's famous writer, will speak on Tolstoy at SCR meeting, 24 Nov., 7.30 p.m., new Kensington Library, Hornton Street, W8. 2s. 6d.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

ICA, 17 Dover Street, W1. Live New Departures Two, celebrating 'New Departures' 2s. 3d., out now. A programme of offpage literature, jazz and new music: voice extracts from William Burroughs & Hans Helms; experimental jazz by the Joe Harriott Quintet; Gregory Corso, Adrian Mitchell & Jon Silkin's poems; jazzpoems by Pete Brown & Michael Horowitz, with jazz by Bruce Turner, Dudley Moore, Alan Cohen &c; new music by Cage, Cohen, Wolff & himself played by Cornelius Cardew. 15 November 7.30 p.m. Members & 'New Departures' subscribers 3s. 6d. Guests 5s.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Architecture: Visit to Rutherford School, Penfold St, Marylebone at 11 a.m. Saturday 12 November. The Architect, Leonard Manasseh will take members round. Art. Richard Hamilton will speak on Marcel Duchamp's 'The Green Box'. Chairman: Robert Melville, 8.15 p.m., Thursday 17 November. Members 2s., Non-members 3s. 6d. Jazz. 'Personal Choice' by Alexis Korner. 'Horace Silver' by Ron Atkins. Wednesday 16 November 8 p.m. Admission 2s. 6d., Members 1s. 6d.

LAURIE Lee reads from his own poetry and prose, with John Glen. 6.30 p.m. Wednesday, 16 November, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Tickets 7s. 6d. available Arts Council of Great Britain (WHI. 9737).

THE Fabian Society and Central London Fabian Society. Fabian Autumn Lectures. Wednesday 16 November, 7.15 p.m. Livingstone Hall, Tothill St, SW1. 'The Changing Face of Britain': Arthur Ling, FRIBA. Front rows 4s., other seats 2s. 6d. Tickets from Lectures Secretary, 11 Dartmouth Street, SW1 (WHI. 3077).

UNITED Nations Association, Chelsea Branch, 36 Lower Sloane St, SW1, at 8 p.m. on Monday, 14 November 1960: 'The UN in Africa' by Mr R. Segal, Editor in UK of 'Africa South'.

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture entitled 'Texts and Interpretation in Roman and Jewish Law' will be delivered by Professor D. Daube (Oxford) at 5 p.m. on 21 November at the School of Oriental and African Studies, University of London, WC1. Admission free, without ticket. James Henderson, Academic Registrar.

UNIVERSITY College London, Gower St, WC1. Lunch Hour Lectures, 1.15-2. Admission free. 15 Nov. 'Fossils from Fissures' by Dr K. A. Kermack; 17 Nov. 'Literary Forgers and Forgeries' by Mr J. H. P. Pafford.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 11 Nov., 8 p.m. Sir Cecil Kisch: 'Maria Bashkirzeva'. Fri. 18 Nov., 8 p.m. Dr N. Zernov & S. Hackel: 'Rublev and his Icons' (illus.). At 46 Ladbroke Grove, W11, Tues. 22 Nov. 8 p.m. Dr L. Pasternak Slater: 'Passages from Leonid Pasternak's unpublished 'Vstretchi S. Tolstym', Reading, Olga Shipman (in Russian).

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Sq., SW1. A Special Public Meeting at the Caxton Hall, SW1, Wed. 16 Nov. at 6.30. 'The Unity of Buddhism', Mr M. O'C. Walshe. Send 3s. for 'The Middle Way'. Information: TAT. 1313.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 13 Nov. H. J. Blackham, 'Positive Incentives for Peace'. Chamber Music Concert 6.30 p.m. Tues. 7.15 p.m. 15 Nov., G. N. Dev on 'The Problem of Religion in Modern India' Open discussion. Write for free literature.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun. 13 Nov., 6.30 Music & Readings, 7 p.m. Visit to Canada and the USA: Nina Spiller.

'PARLIAMENT Weekly' – Lecture and Discussion each week on Events in Parliament. Wed. 8 p.m. Fee for session 23s. Apply Registrar, Mary Ward Settlement, 5-7 Tavistock Pl., WC1. EUS. 1816.

'TRUTH and Experience in Religion' – Prof. H. D. Lewis, at Porcupine Public House, 48 Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (adjoining Leicester Sq. tube station), Monday 14 Nov., 6.30 p.m. Enquiries St Anne's Society, MAN. 0306.

LECTURES, etc.—contd on p.763

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